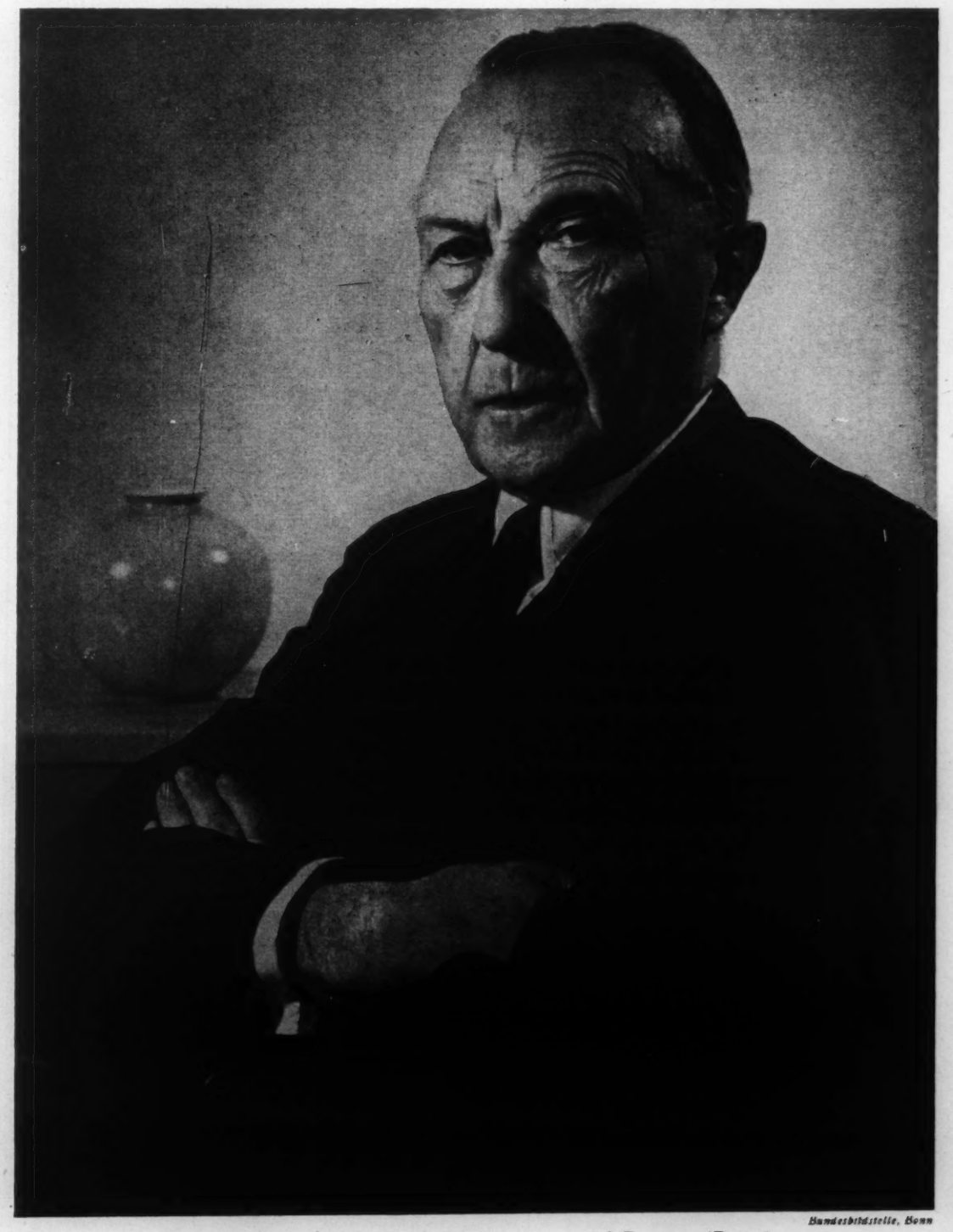
Saturday Night

September 12, 1953 · 10 Cents

The Front Page

If we had any faith in crystal balls, we would be spending a lot of time gazing into them these days, on the chance of catching a glimpse of what may develop from some of the happenings reported in the newspapers during the past few weeks. Not long after the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada decided to go after a 30-hour working week, for instance, a couple of scientists who have been building electronic "brain" machines suggested that after a while their gadgets would be able to replace human beings as mechanical workers. Just about the same time, there was renewed talk about a guaranteed annual wage for industrial workers, but this did not get too much attention because the United States Atomic Energy Commission admitted that the Russians not only knew how to make a hydrogen bomb but had exploded one. We have an idea that all these things are related to each other, and we'd like to be around to see what happens when they grow up.

There are some pretty strong arguments against a 30-hour working week at present, the main one being that a man cannot produce as much in 30 hours as he can in

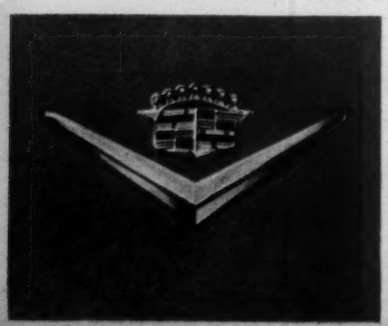


Bundesbildstelle, Bonn

DR. KONRAD ADENAUER: Whatever else, a good European *(Page 4)*

Cadillac

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Never in all its history has the Cadillac car offered the motorist so many wonderful things—in such great measure—as for 1953. Its extraordinary new beauty makes it lovelier to behold and more inspiring to own than ever before. Its gorgeous new interiors . . . offering the most beautiful fabrics and the most luxurious appointments of all time . . . together with a marvelous new Cadillac Air Conditioner, provide even greater comfort and convenience to those who travel as its passengers. And its brilliant new performance—featuring a great 210 h.p. engine, an improved Hydra-Matic Drive and advanced Power Steering—is smoother, quieter and more responsive than ever. We sincerely urge you to take the time for a personal inspection and demonstration of this exciting new motoring creation. You'll agree, we know—it's a lucky, lucky lady whose family enjoys possession of a 1953 Cadillac

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

40 or 48; if he receives the same or more pay for his lower production—and that would certainly be ensured by the guaranteed annual wage—obviously the cost of living will go up at the expense of the standard of living. If some means are devised of increasing production with less work, however, this problem in economics will be solved, leaving the matter of use of the extra leisure to be decided by the individuals concerned and by the agencies devoted to the task of keeping people out of trouble.

The hint of things to come given by the scientists, of course, goes far beyond the aims and hopes of the labor leaders; it is a glimpse of a civilization in which all mechanical work will be done by machines—for the greater part of the population, a no-hour working week. The scientists could see no reason why their gadgets, once they can be built at a reasonable cost, could not do the work of most of the people who now tend machines, add up figures, transcribe letters, look after files and do similar non-creative jobs.

There is the possibility, then, that at some time in the future the only workers will be those who must think to be productive—the scientists, the business executives, the administrators of government, the dispensers of justice, the artists, people whose intellects may not be good but who nonetheless must use what mental power they have to earn a living.

Our society, at that future date, will be made up of three classes: the idle, who will comprise by far the greater part of the population; the workers, upon whom the whole system will depend; and the machines, which will provide the slave labor to maintain their human masters. And if our present concept of democracy survives the stresses of such a change in society, the idle will, merely by weight of numbers, control the thinking minority. The possibilities of this situation are endless, of course; George Orwell could have written any number of variations on his 1984 theme.

Where does the Big Bomb fit in? That's the easiest question of all to answer. It could turn this whole discussion into a forgotten fantasy in one searing fragment of time.

The Athenian Curb

THERE WAS a tiny item in the news the other day about the discovery in Athens of a small cache of ostraka, the bits of pottery which the ancient Athenians used as ballots, and we began to think about the possibilities of voting against, instead of for, a politician.

Once a year the Athenians would gather to decide if any politician had displayed an unseemly lust for power. If 10,000 of them cast their ostraka against him, he had to leave Athens and stay away for 10 years. The banishment was considered sufficient punishment, and his property and place in society were given back to him when he returned to the city.

The ostraka did not prevent the Athenians from succumbing to people who had a lust for power, of course, but at least they devised some sort of check on the ambitions of their leaders. The check could only work as long as there was an informed public conscience to back it up—and consciences are notoriously inclined to lethargy. We've got ourselves into such an involved way of living now that the ostraka would seem a pretty primitive device to most of us. Still, it would be a pleasant change during elections to hear politicians explain not why they should be elected but why they should not be banished.

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South Pacific Nurse

WHEN WE MET Miss Jeanne Bal, who has fun playing the role of the nubile nurse in *South Pacific* at the Royal Alexandra theatre in Toronto, she was busy with a huge pair of scissors, trimming the edges of her press clippings before sticking them into a brightly colored scrapbook. "Excuse me for not getting up," she said. "I strained a muscle playing softball, and I'm resting it. I guess softball and an acting career just don't go together."

JEANNE BAL: Softball and acting don't mix.

The telephone rang, and as she reached for it she upset a pile of magazines. The call was brief and ended while we were hastening to help rearrange the magazines. "Don't bother," she said. "I've read them anyway. I read a lot—at one time I hoped to be a writer myself. I won a scholarship in journalism but I never took advantage of it, because in the meantime I saw an advertisement offering a part in a new show called *Gypsy Lady*. I was at college at the time but I had done a good deal of singing and the idea of travelling appealed to me. I answered the ad and got the job. It took me to New York, then to London for six months. After that came *Guys and Dolls*. I suppose I've been very lucky."

Miss Bal, a dark-haired 24-year-old, was playing the role of Mission Doll in *Guys and Dolls* when the call came to join the *South Pacific* company. She flew from San Francisco to New York, went into two weeks' intensive rehearsals and played for six weeks in Detroit before coming to Toronto, which she had visited before during her engagement with G and D.

"Everyone connected with the rehearsals in New York was grand to me," she said. "That Joshua Logan, for example. He's a *wonderful* director. Do you know, my mother came along to watch one of the sessions in New York and after she had seen him in action for a few minutes, she turned to me and said, 'Why, he makes *me* want to act, too.' "

The telephone rang again. "It's from Santa Monica this time," she said over the mouthpiece. "That's my home town." Home town conversations have a way of being intimate and long, so, threading our way through the magazines and press clippings, we cleared out.

Danger in the Circus

WE HAVE NEVER been one of that company of pessimists who believe that our civilization is crumbling like a piece of dry cheese, but sometimes we have our doubts. One such moment of uncertainty came the other day when we looked over a lavishly illustrated report on a circus. In each picture, the ringmaster had on dinner jacket, black tie and Homburg. What has happened to the tails, white tie and top hat? If this be progress, we will have none of it. The amazing, sensational and death-defying feats on the high wire demand introduction by a person of consequence, properly dressed for a great occasion. Homburgs are fine for Presidents and diplomats, black ties for socialites and ordinary masters of ceremonies, but the Ringmaster is much more: he is the catalyst of The Circus. When his suave elegance is destroyed, we are finished.

A Certain Vacuity

THE DISCUSSION goes on and on about what the Conservatives should or should not do to restore the fortunes of their party in Canada. There is such an air of polite frustration about much of the comment that we are reminded of a story told about that imperturbable British Tory, Arthur Balfour. He objected when a Tory colleague observed, "We are a stupid party." "Well, how would you put it?" the colleague asked. "I might say," Balfour replied, "that, upon occasion, we display a certain vacuity of intelligence."

Total Education

AFTER READING reports of the summer conference on education held at the University of British Columbia a few weeks ago, we cannot help thinking that the educationists are just about as confused about education as anybody else. What puzzled us particularly was the observation of W. V. Allister, President of the BC Teachers' Federation, that, while modern education may not be as good from the academic standpoint, it is a great improvement "for the total education for living."

What is "total education for living"? We did not know, so we sought information from people who are professional teachers. It is educating the child to be a good citizen, to get along with other children and adults, to fit smoothly into a complex society, we were told. And how is this done? By humanizing the schools, they said; by such means as having a child consider a problem as part of a group rather than as an individual; by training in community responsibility. Thus equipped with a fine stock of blowsy phrases, we went back to the reports from British Columbia, and found that Stanley E. Read, professor of English at UBC, had told the conference that a university committee has been discussing the possibility of special classes to teach students how to read, write and think, because the youngsters entering university "have little or no ability to handle ideas or put them into a theme—that is, they lack the ability to think."

Now here was another puzzle. If there has been, as Mr. Allister believes, a great improvement in the total education for living (a toothsome phrase, but as slippery as a fresh oyster), there should be a corresponding improvement in the mental processes of students. Surely the greatest need in today's living is the ability to think clearly and to transpose that thinking into language which

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can be understood by one's fellows. But Prof. Read said that 65 to 75 per cent of the freshmen "have little or no ability to handle ideas or put them into a theme." Obviously, either Mr. Allister or Prof. Read is mistaken.

We dismissed as too fantastic for belief the possibility that total education, as presently practised in Canada, is concerned not so much with the development of an individual's capacity to think as with his ability to fit comfortably into a large unthinking mass. Individual thinking, of course, breeds rebels who tend to disturb the comfortable complacency of society—but no, the elimination of the nonconformist could not possibly be the purpose of the New Education. Still, we'd be a lot less puzzled by the whole thing if the exponents of the New Education produced fewer fresh-oyster phrases when they talked about it.

The Swaffer Reaction

A READER in Penticton, BC, sent a copy of the July 4 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, which carried a report on the life and times of Hannen Swaffer, the Grand Mufti of Fleet Street, to the great man himself. We now have the report of a London observer who was present when Swaff read the article: "It was a touching spectacle. Swaff was absorbed, silent, until he came to the paragraph extolling his oratory. Then came his sober comment, 'Yer see—it's quite right.'"

The Grey Chancellor

WHATEVER the verdict of the voters of West Germany may be (this was written before the results of Sunday's elections were known), the finding of history almost certainly will be that Konrad Adenauer, the grey conservative who at 72 years of age became the first Chancellor of the West German state set up by the western allies in 1948, proved as good a European as he was a remarkable administrator. His has been the task of not only restoring the shattered fragments of a defeated nation, but preparing that nation for its return to a suspicious and often hostile European family. In five years, he has seen his truncated state recover to the point where its currency is now as hard as the Swiss franc, its products once more surge into the markets of the world, and its potential fighting strength has become at once the hope and the fear of the West.

Adenauer, the pre-war Mayor of Cologne and unswerving opponent of Nazism, was a pale, grim figure when he undertook to lead the government of a country shattered by war and occupied by the armies of the victors. Skilfully he avoided the stigma of being a puppet of the conquerors—with help from the Russians, whose harsh methods in the Eastern Zone quickly established the Communists as the villains in the German drama. But even with the Red blunders to help him, Adenauer has had his political resources tested to the limit in guiding West Germany along a course leading to European Union (including friendship with a France far better established in the Saar now than in 1935). His opponents accuse him of being more interested in West European Union than in the reunion of divided Germany itself; his reply has been that the building of western strength is the only sure way of regaining East Germany.

There has been plenty of criticism of him in Germany. Members of his own party, the Christian Democrats, accuse him of being autocratic, of making important decisions without consulting them; the Social Democrats charge him with being too friendly with the Ruhr industrialists; some Protestants believe he is using the temporary situation by which Catholics have a small majority in West Germany (the Eastern Zone is overwhelmingly Protestant) to turn Germany into a Catholic state tied firmly to Vatican policy.

But the best assessment of his stature as a statesman was made, shortly before the election, by Russia's Premier Malenkov, who directed a harsh, personal warning at the West Germans. Get rid of Adenauer, he said, or face the consequences of Russian wrath.

Leading Engraver

WHEN THE International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America held its annual convention in Toronto, we dropped around to talk to Edward J. Volz, who had just been elected President of the Union for the 26th straight year. Mr. Volz was quite prepared to talk at length about his craft and his organization, but was reticent about himself.

We learnt that he helped to found the Union in Philadelphia 52 years ago. "I was working for a small engraving shop at the time," he said. "In those days, engraving had only one meaning—wood engraving, which is different from other engraving because it is a relief process. Steel engraving was popular for a while, but it gave way to zinc and copper, which are used in the modern processes. There were engravers as far back as the 15th Century, and a lot of their work is amazingly precise."

He went on to talk about line drawings and half-tones, the former being drawings in solid black and white with no intermediary shades, and the latter reproductions of pictures with varying tones. To obtain half-tones, a screen is used to break up the light rays, and a sensitized metal plate receives the picture in a pattern of dots. If you examine a printed photograph under a magnifying glass (or with the naked eye, if the reproduction is coarse), you will be able to see how the large dots create the darker areas and the smaller dots provide the shading. Acid is used to etch the plate.

"Working conditions were not too good back in those days," Mr. Volz continued. "A single job might take three weeks to finish, and even a very good employer defined a working week as 50 hours. You can see that conditions have kept pace with the technical improvements. Today our average work week is 36 hours, and the Union's relations with management are probably unsurpassed. It's a sign of our mutual satisfaction that probably 85 per cent of our 16,000 members (about 1,000 of them in Canada) are paid in excess of minimum union rates."

The Union has met twice before in Toronto, which has the fifth largest Local in terms of membership. Before he left to answer a bell-boy's call, he put in a word for Canadian hospitality. "Except for the friendly greetings of the immigration officers and the kind nod of the Customs men," he said, "we who live south of the border hardly know that we have left our own country and entered another." Mr. Volz seemed to be happy about everything, and was smiling benignly as he walked away.

Jack Smith

EDWARD J. VOLZ. Fifty-two years an engraver.

The Monumental Aspect

MONTREAL HAS a controversy and a mystery on its hands. It all started when someone argued that the Nelson Monument, in Jacques Cartier Square below Notre Dame Street, was facing the wrong way. The admiral, it was said, should not have his back to the river, because all Nelson monuments traditionally face the water. The *Montreal Gazette* supplied the note of mystery when it suggested that at one time the city's Nelson did look out at the St. Lawrence. Apparently a Scotman named John B. Duncan, who visited Montreal in 1826, wrote a book about his trip to North America, in which he said of the Monument: "It stands at the top of a pretty street at right angles to the river. His Lordship looks towards the river . . . but it unfortunately happens that the principal street of the city passes behind him, and he has consequently turned his back upon it and all that it contains."

It would appear that at some time after 1826 a forgotten but loyal Montrealer decided that the city had had enough of Nelson's snobbery and henceforth the admiral would have to look out on Notre Dame street with steady civic respect.

The Montrealers love their municipal controversies and will probably cherish the argument about Nelson for many years to come. And the debate should start other communities thinking about their monuments. Should the figure of a politician face the descendants of the people he buttered and battered, or the buildings in which he earned his glory? Or should he be two-headed, to face both ways, demonstrating in stone and bronze an art which has had its finest practitioners in politics? Or, for that matter, it might be asked if a monument, which all too often gets (and deserves) attention only from birds and squirrels, is the best kind of memorial for men whose thoughts and deeds are part of the fabric of the community and the nation; for lesser men, a monument is a mockery.

Centennial Ode

WE HAVE always had an urge to express our deepest feelings in some formal and intricate verse pattern. Unfortunately, we are not like the young man who intended an ode and turned out a sonnet; the most we have ever been able to manage is a rhymed couplet, and a poor limping affair at that. However, there undoubtedly are those among our readers whose poetic muse is more facile than our own, and we call their attention to the University College (University of Toronto) Centennial Ode Competition which closes on Oct. 1. You may address your odes to the Registrar of the College and you may preserve your anonymity by putting a pseudonym to your composition and enclosing your proper name (and pseudonym), in an envelope which you will attach to your entry. We wish you a fine poetic frenzy.

Letters

People For Canada

IN YOUR COMMENT on the need for immigration you have said little on the subject of discrimination, which I believe to be a point of paramount importance. . . . There cannot possibly be indiscriminate immigration. It would be fantastic, for example, for Canada to open the gates to the hordes of Asians who, we are told, cannot be supported by their own countries. We would be creating problems for ourselves which would never be solved. Can you imagine what the situation would be like if one million Hindus suddenly were dumped in this country?

It is all very well to talk in platitudes and generalities, but when we speak of immigration we must get down to cases. . . . The ruling factor is not the Christian ideal, but the practical consideration of public opinion. . . . There is the same problem, but to a lesser degree, in accepting immigrants from Europe. . . . We must always consider whether these people do, in fact, become Canadian citizens or whether they merely take the name "Canadian" when it suits them and between times are busy organizing little Ukraines and Serbias and Polands in this country.

Montreal JEAN F.-X. CHARRON

YOU HAVE BEEN publishing a great deal of nonsense about immigration. . . . What would you have happen? Would you flood this country with people who were born in dirt and die in ignorance? The results of such a policy can be seen everywhere in Canada now — public transportation, stores, theatres jammed with pushing, elbowing, discourteous people jabbering in outlandish tongues. . . . A sickening spectacle.

There are enough people in the country now for it to live prosperously and decently for any number of years, if we are given sane government by Ottawa. We have enough of a problem on our hands assimilating the immigrants which have arrived since World War II — teaching them the speech, manners and morals of Canadians. And that, believe me, is no small task . . .

Ottawa PHILIP CAMP

Clinics, Not Divorce

YOUR EDITORIAL on divorce in SATURDAY NIGHT of July 25 was rather surprising. It is not a practice of mine to write letters to editors, but I feel that I cannot refrain from protesting against this and remain a Christian.

First, I would like to draw your attention to what Christ has to say on this subject in Matthew xix:4-9; Mark x:2-12. This, if we are really trying to be Christians, is as applicable today as when He said it.

Second, a quotation by Harry Fosdick from "Viewpoints" in *Reader's Digest* of February, 1953; is pertinent: "It is not marriage that fails; it is people that fail. All that marriage does is to show them up."

Third, my opinion is that if a woman cannot live with one man she cannot live with any man; that a couple go together for a period of at least a few weeks, even in this day of rush, at which time either should be able to discover any incompatibility of temperament. Divorce shows the mental immaturity of either or both partners of the marriage; they are not capable of "sticking it out" "or seeing things through." It is only by *not* getting all one's own way that a person grows.

By this I do not mean that one should continue to live with a sadist or abnormal person; for these there should be separation or divorce; but making divorce too easy is a retrogressive step.

Instead of urging more lenient divorce laws it would be much more constructive for you to have an editorial on the setting up of more Marriage Clinics. These have been successful in the places where they have been tried.

Moncton, NB. RUTH M. HENDERSON

Which Side?

AS I MAKE rather a hobby of Letters to the Editor pages, I happened to notice two rather unusual letters recently from one Clarence Jones, Ottawa. The first was merely a bad-tempered reply to another letter, and consisted of several rather well-worn platitudes presenting the popular, or down-to-earth, as opposed to the intellectual, or ivory-tower, type of literature—an old argument. But his second letter, which you published on Aug. 15, is truly amazing! Aside from a quite unjustified attack on poor Scott Young, it seems to say nothing—or at least, nothing I can grasp—in a fluent, impressive style which at first looks quite important. The quotation he uses (without acknowledgement) I recognize as having been taken from a review of Hugh Garner's book of short stories — ("tricksily tailored for the ephemerae of the slicks" happens to be a rather memorable little phrase) but this review appeared in one of Canada's most "intellectual" little magazines — *Northern Review!* . . . Which side is he on, anyway, in this battle of the books?

Havelock, Ont. JUDITH O'GRADY

The Third Man

THE LAST few weeks have seen a remarkable wave of strikes or threatened strikes, as labor leaders hurried to get their annual battles over while the weather was good for holidaying. . . . In all the statements issued by the opposing parties in these labor troubles, I have yet to see any consideration given the plight of the ordinary citizen who must not only suffer discomfort and sometimes material loss while the strikes are in progress, but must pay the bill for the whole sorry mess when it is over. . . . The industrialists, the labor leaders and the governments do not seem to realize that the present methods used in labor relations are relics of an age that died when Hitler crossed the Polish border in 1939 . . .

Windsor, Ont. PETER B. HILLIER

Segregation

AFTER DOING a considerable amount of week-end travelling on trains in the Central Provinces, I am forced to the conclusion that the railroads are practising what amounts to class distinction.

This is what I have seen happening: long-distance travellers get excellent accommodation in luxurious, air-conditioned coaches; the people who are going for short holiday trips—to a popular beach or lake, for instance — are piled into dirty, smelly and stifling coaches. This is arranged by having people enter particular coaches at certain stations.

It is quite possible that the railroads do the best they can with what equipment they have, and must put their ancient coaches to some use; it is possible that the segregation which occurs is in no wise deliberate. But the fact remains that some people are treated with utmost consideration, while others are forced to accept primeval conditions.

Owen Sound, Ont. B. J. HURLEY

Word Painting

THE POEM, "High Field" by Charles Bruce in your issue of August 1 gave me a lot of pleasure. To me, it was a painting in words—a scene, simple in itself, done with a sensitive brush . . . The tendency seems to be toward formulae in painting and writing, but unless the artist-mind is tuned sensitively to the harmony which is the soul of nature, the application of formula is inclined to result in cold and mechanical production . . .

In the long run, to me anyway, art must be successful as it appeals to the common mind. To paint or write for one's own satisfaction, may pleasure one's conceit. But, to paint or write that which, at the same time, pleases one's self and the masses, is truest art —is genius.

Vancouver C. J. BRODERICK

The Iron Trail

I DERIVED a great deal of pleasure from reading the article If Memory Serves (August 8). In the latter part of the article, you mention having thought of the "other guys", the prospector, the miner and the people who cut the timber, but, like so many other writers, you overlook the humble chaps who did so much towards making this expansion possible. The omission is probably excusable. These fellows came, did their job and moved on to the next stint, but they left their trail behind them. I refer to the "Iron Trail" and the men who built the railways that opened up this vast, rich country. Their lot was not easy and their material returns were not great. No bulldozers, tractors, gas shovels and caterpillar cranes for them. Their equipment consisted of picks and shovels, wheelbarrows, drill steel, striking hammers, beans, sow belly and prunes, not forgetting hay wire.

From 1904 on, for over twenty years, I had the privilege of taking part in this work of surveying and constructing railways in the North country which I still love . . . When I first went to Long Lac, there were only two trading posts, the Hudson's Bay Co., Revellon Frères, a few Indians and the railroaders . . .

Toronto M. S. SUTHERLAND

National Anthem

IN DISCUSSIONS about an official national anthem it is remarkable that no one seems to notice the significance of the words of "God save the Queen."

The usual national anthem is a hymn of self praise, with the theme: "Ours is a wonderful country and we are a wonderful people." Sometimes there is a secondary theme bidding defiance to someone who has been dead a long time.

"God save the Queen" is a prayer for the Queen, with the prayer form maintained all through. No country is mentioned by name and the hymn would be just as appropriate in any modern monarchy but is peculiarly the property of all nations who claim Elizabeth II as queen, and is a reminder of her request of last Christmas: "I ask you — to pray for me."

By all means let us have an official song of self praise but not *instead of* "God save the Queen." We shall not add to our national dignity by ceasing to pray for the Queen of Canada.

London, Ont. L. C. LEE

Of Politics

WHAT HAS happened to that sturdy champion of community rights, the Independent MP? Once there was a day when a Member of Parliament truly *represented* his constituents—knew as much about their personal lives as the territory in which they lived. Today, many a riding is represented in Parliament by a party hack who votes with the machine and compromises only if strong local feeling makes him do so. The recent Gallup poll showed that only 27 per cent of the electorate placed the candidate before the party in making their choice.

Calgary (MISS) EMMA WASE

YOUR EDITORIAL, Anecdote (Sept. 5), reminded me of an apocryphal classic attributed to the late Cordell Hull, the U.S. statesman. Riding in a railroad car through Wisconsin, a companion drew his attention to a flock of sheep, saying, "they seem to be newly shorn." Cordell Hull replied: "Well, they are shorn on this side anyway."

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A Report on Canada's Contemporary Art

By ANDREW BELL

ART, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE in Canada during the bustling post-war period, has profited from the increased leisure and money of the prosperous years. More attention has been given to it, and more Canadians have been peering at pictures, especially Canadian pictures. Even the discreet Massey Report was daring enough to proclaim that painting was the most advanced of our arts. Now, under such favorable circumstances, what is the state of contemporary Canadian painting?

Happily, in a broad fashion anyhow, there was an easy means of finding out. Invariably, the Canadian National Exhibition has an art display and this year the showing was predominantly Canadian. This was a calculated happening, of course, with invitations to an approximate two thousand representative painters and a professional jury in waiting to winnow the chaff. No one was going to be allowed to say he hadn't been permitted to contribute, and the huge crowds which the CNE draws could see for themselves the way Canadian art is.

Could it just be that, in consequence of such pains, a genuinely exciting and revelatory experience lay ahead? Most of last winter's exhibitions by the national societies had been drearily repetitive and uninspired. Perhaps, with a chance for almost everyone who dabbled in paint to participate, the results this time might be different. Well, it was certainly a big display and, save for the omission of some interesting French-Canadian and Vancouver artists, the country as a whole was pretty thoroughly represented. Was this Exhibition good? Was it, even as the curate's egg, good in parts? Did it illumine the Canadian scene with strong, fresh light; describe some of the things Canadians are and aren't; provide penetrating talk about what makes man tick in 1953? The answer in each is a sorrowful, emphatic *no*. With a few welcome exceptions, the average contribution was tedious, tasteless, mannered and inconsequent. Why?

A primary cause is the continuing thrall—or should I say pall—of the Group of Seven. That first native art movement, now a quarter of a century spent, rendered an invaluable service in its day. These painters trumpeted that the "face" of Canada didn't resemble Europe and it was a lie to infer visually that it did. Our horizons weren't habitually hazy, nor were we dissected by neat hedgerows and canals. Much of Canada is gaunt, bold, vivid-colored. And they said so fervently and in a highly personalized idiom quite their own. But, because these men were largely commercial artists by background, the stress, to the almost total denial of subtlety, was on design, design pure and simple.

Many of our present day painters, as though the entire truth had been spoken and there was nothing original left to say, monotonously repeat what we already know. The pictures which linger in the memory are those mirroring a passionate experience of heart or mind. At least one half of the CNE pictures, however, were cold essays in design, nothing more—a meticulous study of a barn door, for instance. In fairness it should be noted that the School of Paris too, for several decades now, has glorified form and color. Matisse, Dufy, Picas-

Ashley & Crippen

PORTRAIT OF JEAN HORNE
by Cleeve Horne

so, Bracque—it is true in varying degrees with all of them. But there is this crucial distinction: they simplify and order their shapes and colors to quite another purpose, putting over a specific message as explosively as they can. A striking design for our painters isn't simply an effective means to an end; it's the end itself.

Having gone this far, there is the necessary business of making allowances. Many Canadians who paint claim they can't give their talent its due; to make a living they must also either teach or do commercial work. And these avocations, which put a premium on technical virtuosity, patently come through in much of our art. Technically, Canadian painters, both in line and color, have all that is needed to create as they will. This is like expert figure skating—all very spectacular, but where does it get you? Emily Carr had an intense love affair with our west coast forests but it is generally agreed she was short on craft. Even so, she was able to put across a close to definitive statement concerning the love of her life. It was a case where hot talk transcended an impediment of speech. Know-how is obviously handy, but no alternative to personal wonder.

There it is. Art in Canada, on balance, is unconvincing, for the reason there is little crying out of ardent individual verities. Yet, is that design-fixation, coupled with the problem of a livelihood, an adequate explanation of our artistic smallness? I doubt it. Inhibition, shyness, inability to talk well in any vein—these qualities are a national curse in Canada. It would be odd if our painters alone were immune and, as a matter of fact, they show themselves just as affected as any of us. No wonder, then, that that supreme naturalness, which at once is so revealing and devastating, escapes the CNE Show almost completely. Small wonder, too, there is almost no social comment and the only unclothed figure is a little girl, aged about ten. Yet great art (for example, the Sistine Chapel paintings of Michelangelo) abounds in reverent depictions of the human body. Bad craft and bad taste are the only possible taboos in art. And if our artists would perform the historic purpose of their calling, they must be utterly natural and burst into paint, with no fretting about what people may think, on all manner of subjects.

There is also the current "culture" fetish. Canada, we are told, must develop an indigenous culture. Moreover, this culture can't possibly be anything which makes us happy. Rather, it should consist of sad, cacophonous music, "problem" theatre, architecture resembling a gigantic dog clinic; and if a number of people chance to derive light-hearted pleasure from a particular painting, the work is almost certain to pop up in the ash-can of tomorrow. What intolerable nonsense!

The CNE Exhibition held only one picture with a real smile to it—"The Recorder Player", by Sydney Goldsmith. Gentle humor, said this appealing study, like the warm sunshine, has its miracles to perform.

There's nothing to be gained, as I see it, by applying these strictures (which are composite ones anyhow) to individual works. If my rueful comments are warranted, then the subject will probably remark that he or she has been hit. These persons may indeed fight back, which would be all to the good. We are far too chary in Canada, of well-tempered, positive controversy. Rather, if I may, I'll try to relate my broad comments to a few of the paintings which, in my opinion, came off well.

First, landscapes. Goodridge Roberts has been doing lush, redolent ones for a long time now, and his "Country Road" is excellent. It isn't simply a pattern made up of a summer byway, trees and sky. This is pastoral Canada, at high noon, with a blazing sun burning down out of a cobalt upper beyond, and the whole physical world round about alive with action. LeMoine Fitzgerald deals with the reverse of that coin; his "Barlowe's Garage" is an unassuming, suggestive piece depicting "the feel" of that building under a sparkling blanket of new snow. But it's much more than mere design; this is evoca-

Ashley & Crippen

THE RECORDER PLAYER
by Sydney Goldsmith

tion of the simple beauties at our doorstep.

Then, two still-lifes are in a class by themselves. David Milne, the unique apostle of our fragrant countryside, has been saying these things quietly for years, and his tender, whimsical watercolor, "Mushrooms and Trinkets", is quite up to standard. How is it possible, you ask yourself, that so modest a subject can speak with such overwhelming power? Sheerest naturalness does the trick, I think—the painter reflecting awhile and then, as honestly as a child, letting come out what will.

The other still-life, "The Daffodils", was by Marthe Rakine, a painter who can voice some lovely thoughts when the heart holds her brush. But this wasn't merely a competent flower arrangement. Here was a small aria in palest yellows and greens.

Canadians don't paint people much, and most of them in the Show were dead beings indeed. The contributions of Jack Nichols and Cleeve Horne, neither of which succeeded completely, nonetheless were important. The former's, called "Silent Figures", depicts a mournful anonymous couple clinging together hopelessly, and technically it was a *tour de force*. Nichols didn't give his people any comic strip bubble of conversation, but I presume the mute message was that this world of ours is a pretty brutal place. Must we be required to presume in this fashion? Goya, in his superb war studies, makes some complex obser-

vations, and his thesis is never in doubt: you know exactly why war has always been bestial. Nichols, one of our most gifted younger painters, will do himself justice only when he speaks more explicitly and his disappointment in mankind is tempered by love of it.

Cleeve Horne is the kind of artist who, in an earlier generation, would have made a fortune as a fashionable portraitist, for he tends to see his sitters through rose-colored glasses. Seemingly, this sort of compromise isn't required close to home. At all events, the ambitious canvas of his wife, "Portrait of Jean Horne", is an incisive character study of a handsome, modern woman. This wouldn't be a commission and he could say what he wanted. If his free talk can elicit such promising results, Canadian art would be enriched by a lot more of it.

Surprisingly, the percentage of pure abstractions in the Exhibition was relatively small. Perhaps painters are beginning to believe that a picture no one understands (at the most, evoking just a peculiar sensation within the spectator) isn't too useful. Stylized works, however, some of them vague to the point of insanity, abound. One of these, for example, named "The Flower-girl", very red and bloody, might better have been labelled "Traffic Accident".

Yvonne McKague Housser is a former Group of Seven disciple who, at welcome last, is now on her own. That is fine, because all along she has given the impression that, if she chose to be exclusively her humane and mystical self, she would prove both original and important. "Land Sea and Space" is evidence that what was once a possibility is now a strong probability. The work, as the title implies, deals with cosmic matters, but the approach is intelligible and is supported by thoughtful muted color.

Paraskeva Clark is represented by two leafy studies, both being stylized and witty chatter about summer nature. Her color sense is persuasive and usually she has taste, a commodity still in short supply in this country. Why doesn't her work somehow succeed more fully? I think it's because she counts on intellect to do a job which a simple expression of her romantic, feminine intuition would do infinitely better.

I've said distasteful things and I've done so purposely. People should be made to ponder the whys of our aimless, shackled painting. But here I must qualify. The blame for our dreary art scene doesn't rest with the artist alone. Both dealers and public are also responsible. The public is largely untutored, is unsure of its likes, and looks to the dealer for guidance. What happens? Dealers tend to praise all pictures lavishly, and indiscriminately set "prestige" prices (even though the painter has a studio jammed with unsold ones) far beyond common sense or the average purse.

Great art has a way of coming during those periods when there is a genuine give-and-take of interest between artist and the layman generally. But there is little of that atmosphere in Canada today. The layman rarely talks honestly to the painter about the latter's work, nor so much as asks leading questions. A lively communion could spark and fire our painters enormously.

The philosophy of the Nineteenth Century utilitarian (what use is it and will the thing appreciate in value?) still hangs over this land, and there are many among us who believe the only purpose of pictures is decoration of the homes of the rich. That attitude seems to me just as awry as the Schopenhauer dictum: "You must treat a work of art like a great man: stand before it and wait patiently till it deigns to speak". Important painting has the same function as all other forms of communication: to entertain the senses and inform the mind. And since painters, with their detached vision, may grasp truths and beauties not vouchsafed to the lay eye, what they do deserves a genuine attention.

The challenge to our painters today is not to be Canadian or anything else as such—only themselves. And, in so doing, they should apply their special way of seeing to whatever subject makes their blood run hot. It might be that suburban cancer which is eating away our green countryside, the snow-white trinity of our spring trilliums, the lecherous pharisee next door, the man-made wonders of Arvida, or perhaps just a quite perfect line drawing of a little cat. Their truth—the whole and nothing but, as they see it—is what's required.

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Lighter Side

The Rural Ontario Touch

WHEN MR. STRICKLAND saw the old Carstairs place he bought it, along with all its contents, on sight. It was exactly what he had been looking for. In the deepest country sense, it typified the best in rural Ontario living. It *was* rural Ontario.

Mrs. Carstairs had died in the spring and her little house was exactly as she had left it. She had permitted electrification, but apart from this innovation the house stood just as it must have stood for a half a century, and Mr. Strickland liked everything about it. He liked the Quebec heater in the hall and the front door which looked as though it had never been opened except to welcome a bride or usher out a coffin. He was overjoyed with the parlor, which contained a melodeon, three rockers, a settee and a centre table complete with a stereopticon set. His special delight, however, was the kitchen, wide and bright as a country kitchen should be, with a floor painted pumpkin yellow and windows that opened on meadows spangled with Michaelmas daisy and brilliant with golden rod.

On the advice of the Post Office mistress, he had arranged with a Mrs. Potter to bring him fresh eggs and vegetables. On the day he moved in for the summer, Mrs. Potter appeared. She arrived in an old Ford car, a rosy-faced country woman in a fresh print housedress. She came into the kitchen and gazed about with frank rural curiosity.

"She didn't change things much, did she?" she said. "We nearly had conniptions round here when old Mrs. Carstairs got in electricity."

Mr. Strickland beamed at her. He was enchanted that anyone should use the word conniptions. Mrs. Potter, too, was everything he had hoped. "Would you like to see the parlor?" he asked.

She followed him into the parlor and picked up the stereopticon set. "Whatever's this?" she asked.

He explained, and adjusted the set for a view of the St. Louis World Fair. "My goodness," Mrs. Potter said, "Three D." She glanced about. "I expect you'll be making a lot of changes," she said.

"I intend to leave everything exactly as it is," Mr. Strickland said.

Mrs. Potter went back into the kitchen. "You can do a lot with these old places," she said. "You ought to see the way we fixed up ours." She glanced about. "Didn't she even have an electric *stove?*" she asked.

Mrs. Carstairs had left a two-burner electric plate, which she had concealed behind a homemade screen decorated with covers from *The Star Weekly*. He displayed this rather reluctantly, and Mrs. Potter looked at him with pity. "Look, why don't you hop into the car and come and see what we've done with our place," she said.

It was the chance to identify himself with rural Ontario that he had been waiting for. "Nothing I'd like better," he said, and following her out, leapt gaily into the seat beside her.

From the front Mrs. Potter's house was almost a replica of Mr. Strickland's. The change began when they entered the kitchen. It contained an immense electric range and a refrigerator as large and gleaming as a sarcophagus. But what caught Mr. Strickland's fascinated attention was a breakfast nook built from the window. The seats were covered in apricot leatherette and a small fanciful fence separated the nook from the rest of the kitchen. "Mr. Potter fixed it for me," Mrs. Potter said.

"Well," said Mr. Strickland. "Well, well!"

The living room contained a chesterfield with end tables, two chesterfield chairs, a tri-light lamp, a radio, and an imitation mantel-piece. A reproduction of a Tom Thomson picture hung over the mantel.

"Well," Mr. Strickland said. "Well, *well!*" and he added with injudicious humor, "Everything but a built-in bar."

Mrs. Potter stiffened. "We're Temperance," she said.

It was the true rural Ontario note at last. Deeply humbled, he followed her into the kitchen. "Well, you've certainly got things wonderfully fixed up," he said, and Mrs. Potter relented. "I'll drive you back," she said.

All the way home she plied him with suggestions. He could have a breakfast nook and a patio. Mr. Potter would be glad to fix them up for him. He could easily get furniture from the Mail Order. They delivered. He could make a nice swimming pool by damming up the little stream.

"Oh, damn swimming pools," Mr. Strickland said, suddenly going out of control, and the gelid silence that followed this outbreak told him that he had lost touch with rural Ontario for good.

Back in his own kitchen, he fixed himself a drink of rye and pump-water. It reminded him that in the first bloom of their friendship he had almost offered Mrs. Potter a glass of sherry. Well, at least he had had the intuition to avoid *that*.

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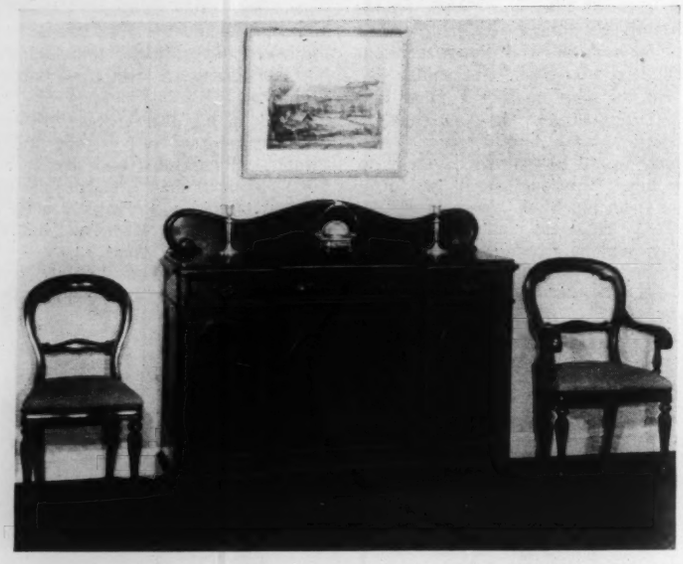

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Ottawa Letter

Canada and the Big Four Conference

FOREIGN AFFAIRS are the most important of all national problems; they involve the issues of war and peace, and therefore, of life and death. It is not to the credit of our politicians that, apart from some commendable expositions of policy by Mr. Pearson and some casual observations by the Prime Minister, Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell, they received a minimum of attention during the recent Federal election. But today, they must be one of the chief concerns of the St. Laurent Ministry, which will have to make important decisions in the near future.

In the unfortunate controversy over the admission of India to the Korean peace conference, Canada ranged itself with the other governments of the British Commonwealth in opposing the will of the United States. The British Socialist Weekly, the *New Statesman*, gives Canada higher marks than any other country for real statesmanship in this matter. But Korea has been overshadowed by the much more serious problems in Europe, and a fresh effort to settle them will be made at a conference in Switzerland of the foreign Ministers of the United States, Britain, France and Russia. The meeting will be held with the knowledge that Russia now has the hydrogen bomb, the most formidable instrument of destruction ever devised.

At Washington, the line adopted for public consumption is to treat Malenkov's announcement about the H-bomb as another piece of Russian bluff, but behind the scenes its serious implications are recognized.

Let there be no underestimate of this weapon's terrific potentialities for destruction. In an article in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Hans Bethe, who was head of the theoretical physics laboratory at Los Alamos, issued this warning: "By the blast effect alone, a single bomb could obliterate almost all of greater New York or Moscow or London."

An armament race on the H-bomb level would offer as little hope of security as similar races in the production of much feebler weapons of war have done. When two countries possess such a deadly instrument and relations between them are precariously strained, there is always the grim possibility that some unfortunate incident might provoke them to employ it suddenly in the belief that the devastating success of its initial attack would assure victory. Today the continuance of the cold war presents mil-

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lions of people with the choice of swift annihilation or achieving some working concordat under which the free democracies and the Communist bloc of nations can exist together in peace on this planet.

The British are under no illusions about their perilous position. On August 26, Dr. Donald Soper, President of the British Methodist Conference, told an audience of 2000 that his country had become only a junior partner of the United States, and that "this island is an expendable aircraft carrier off the coast of Europe," with the city of Lincoln, the most important American airbase in Britain, destined to be the first target for Russian bombs.

Even before Malenkov made his announcement, Sir Winston Churchill, always a realist, was convinced that the conciliatory gestures made by Russia and her allies raised hopes of success for a high-level conference with the Russians, to relieve a state of international tension which had become almost unbearable.

The omens at Washington are not favorable for a sympathetic response to Sir Winston's suggestions and for a relaxation of the rigid attitude which has ruled out all negotiations with Russia until Moscow gives convincing proof of the sincerity of its recent conciliatory moves. Apparently John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, clings with pathetic stubborness to the two-fold policy of "containment" and "liberation."

On the eve of his departure for Korea, when asked at a press conference about his hopes for the unification of Korea without making great concessions to Communist China, Mr. Dulles said: "I have not only the hope, but I have the faith and belief that it is possible to detach satellite areas. I think some of the things going on in the satellite area of Europe—in the Soviet sector of Berlin and in the Soviet zone of Germany and Czechoslovakia—all indicate that there can be an attraction of these areas for the western world so strong that it will not seem worthwhile for the Soviet masters to keep them under their rule."

Now Edward Crankshaw of the London *Observer*, who, having served as a diplomat in Moscow, knows more about Russian realities than any American politician, gives no hint in his recent articles that Stalin's successors are facing a rising tide of popular discontent. Moreover, he rejects the notion that there is no hope of reaching any kind of negotiated settlement with the Soviet Union; he thinks that Russia's leaders have everything to lose and nothing to gain by aggressive action, and it is now in their interest to think in terms of checks and balances instead of infinite expansion. Well may Dorothy Thompson lament that the sort of psychological warfare which American politicians and officials are conducting against Russia seems deliberately calculated to frustrate any settlement, and that "we are playing with dangerous fires and exacerbating and inciting tensions with which we have no plans to deal."

The impending conference in Switzerland may be the last chance for united action. If Mr. Dulles stands pat there and lays down terms which preclude any settlement with Russia, Britain and France may well decide that to get some insurance against a rain of H-bombs they must negotiate some sort of concordat with Russia. Such a move would arouse intense indignation in the United States, and it would be almost unthinkable that the Eisenhower administration, which, on account of our immense dependence upon the American market, can apply enormous pressure at Ottawa, would not demand that Canada stand aloof from any agreement with Russia and abide by her responsibilities for the joint defence of North America.

It is possible that General Omar Bradley, former Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, had just such a contingency in mind when he argued in a magazine article that, in view of the gravity of the international situation, a complete integration of the armed forces of Canada and the United States, including an "overall continental defence command," was now essential. Would not such an integration involve the adoption of military conscription by Canada? And what shred of real independence would be left to her? On the other hand, if she resisted the pressure of the United States and subscribed to an agreement with Russia, how would her economic fortunes fare at the hands of the outraged Americans?

We can readily understand why the proceedings of the conference in Switzerland will be followed with keen anxiety at Ottawa.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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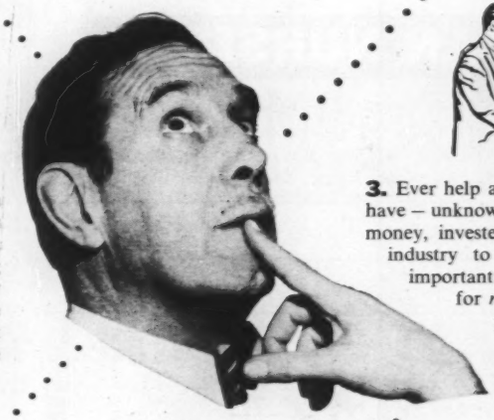

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Foreign Affairs

Monty and the H-Bomb

SPEAKING in Ottawa the other day about "The Defence of the Free World in Modern Times", Field Marshal Montgomery had no word to say about Soviet possession of that most modern of weapons, the H-Bomb.

What Monty did say was that he thought the hardest times were still ahead of us, that the present strain would continue and become more intense, and that the NATO nations must apply a "long haul" policy to every aspect of their defence planning. Here, and quite rightly for a NATO chieftain speaking in Canada, he emphasized the importance of reserve forces, carefully organized and trained and ready for quick action on the outbreak of war. Monty particularly emphasized that NATO planning had shifted from the earlier concept of building our defences towards a certain date when a Soviet attack might be expected. He laid great stress on the fact that, while NATO was excellent in itself and the best hope of preventing a third world war, the West still had no global strategic concept, and without one we would fail. To work out this global concept would mean solving "terrific problems" now arising, which will need "tough decisions" by our political leaders.

Monty is not the man to blab out what these tough decisions are, which the Western leaders must soon make. He has long urged that the Atlantic-European concept of NATO is too narrow and should be broadened to a global defence concept by bringing in other free nations, and that the political and economic bonds of this community should be strengthened. Surely he must also be referring to the highest-level decisions which the political leaders have to make, concerning the recommendations of their military men — on the weapons and strategy which will have the greatest deterrent effect on the Soviets, and what kind of war to prepare for.

Monty avows that air power is the dominant factor in modern war, gives 17 words to the strategic air offensive which we would carry into enemy territory, and gets down to his own job, which is "to prevent the enemy from penetrating into the homelands of the NATO nations, occupying the countries of the West, and carrying off our women and young men."

We, who have a 3000-mile-wide ditch to protect us from this form of attack, can never quite share the physical fear of the Western Europeans. We are much freer to take the broad view of the weapons and strategy needed to deter the Russians from starting a war, or to avoid quick defeat and ensure eventual victory if they do start one. We find it easy to convince ourselves that the vital thing is to protect the main industrial and

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military base of the Western coalition, on this continent.

For us, the acquisition by the Soviets of the H-Bomb, which affects very little Monty's job of shielding the population of Western Europe from sack, rapine and deportation, must greatly stimulate the discussion of long-range atomic warfare, of Soviet bomber types and Arctic defences against them, of U.S. bombers and their overseas bases.

For the past two years, American policy has been oriented on this "air-atomic" plan. The recent decision of the Eisenhower administration to cut back the air force and return to the tradition of a more or less equal division of defence funds among the three services brings a sharp warning from a former Secretary for Air in the September *Atlantic*. There is, perhaps, no opinion on these grave matters more respected in the United States than that of Thomas K. Finletter. He was chairman of the official commission which carried out the exhaustive post-war study, "Survival in the Air Age." And certainly his arguments, as Secretary for Air in 1950-52, had much to do with the acceptance of the air-atomic theory as the basis of American defence planning.

Finletter holds that the atomic bomb combined with the airplane has revolutionized warfare. "A war may now be decided in the first weeks or days of combat." The Russians could make a serious atomic attack now. Within two or three years, he believes, this attack could be so serious as to raise a question whether the free world could fight back. We may or may not *expect* such an attack, but in our defence planning we are bound to *assume* it. And even if they don't make it, their air-atomic power will so strengthen their position in the cold war that, if we don't make an impressive counter-buildup, our political position will be hurt.

The Free World's defence must be air-atomic power overwhelmingly stronger than Russia's. This could deter the Russians from ever starting a war; it would give political strength to the West in the cold war, and would save the Free World from disaster if war came. But—and here we come to Finletter's basic argument—such Western air-atomic power will be no good at all unless it is very good, which means it must get Priority No. 1 in all our planning. He would give the same priority to the air defence of North America, to the U.S. divisions posted with NATO in Europe, and to naval forces to protect the sea-lanes, mainly against submarines. But he would stringently deny such priority to general purpose forces, such as those which might be used to defend, say, Indo-China. He himself does not believe the U.S. should attempt to raise forces for such a purpose, as, lacking any political union such as NATO in the rest of the world, he considers it "far beyond any practical possibility" for the U.S. to maintain the forces necessary to defend this vast part of the world.

Washington's decision in 1951 to give the Air Force a considerably larger share of the military funds than the army or navy was a partial victory for the air-atomic theory, Finletter says. But the new administration has slipped back to the old notion of "balanced forces", which in practice means equal division of the military budget for which there is such a strong pull among the services and the service chiefs.

The full effects of this cut-back in U.S. air-atomic power will only be realized in two to three years' time, when the additional wings might have been flying but won't be, and when the Russians will be that much nearer to the point where they could try an atomic Pearl Harbor. The review of this decision, for which Finletter calls, undoubtedly has been hastened by Soviet explosion of a test H-Bomb.

Here, then, is the framework within which the reader may place news of the replacement of the obsolete B-29's of the USAF in Britain with new six-jet B-47's last month; of the U.S. support for France in Morocco, where huge U.S. strategic air bases are also located; of strong U.S. aversion to putting ground forces into Indo-China, despite recognition of the importance of that area; of the adaptation of the huge but slow-moving B-36's as mother ships for swift, atom-bomb-carrying F-84's.

Perhaps the most significant current news may, however, turn out to be British rather than American: the reported development of a 2000-mile-an-hour guided anti-aircraft missile. This could restore the advantage to the defence—until the intercontinental atomic rocket comes along.

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Letter from New York

Worries Abroad and At Home

IT WAS GOOD TO GET BACK to New York from the West, even though the city is supposed to be unendurable in late summer. In fact it is one of its happiest times. The pretty girls who come to New York to make careers for themselves go to and from their offices in the cheap, pretty, cotton dresses that American manufacturers make better than anyone else, and so much gaily dressed beauty gives the town a happy holiday air. In the evenings the town is full of open windows and doors, and as you stroll in the cool of twilight you hear friendly talk and laughter drifting out of them. After a very hot day the great thing is to stroll on Fifth Avenue or Madison window-shopping. There's very little traffic on the streets after seven or so, and the sight of the married couples and groups of friends in their cool-looking summer clothes, parading in the magnificent wide streets, is very pleasant.

The cabarets where the shows are more pretentious are fun at this time of year too. Business is slack, and managements take a chance with young singers and comedians who have a fresh line, and who may be the stars of tomorrow. It's the season of the year when New York seems to be a curiously innocent and friendly place.

IT'S HARD to describe the feeling that people here have had about the long-awaited truce in Korea. It brought no sense of relief and no jubilation. The killing was over, but any joy there was in that was wiped out by the realization of all America's worst fears for her prisoners. The enormous number of them that the Chinese can't or won't account for, and who have apparently been butchered one way or another — mostly slowly and in cold blood — outweighs every other factor in the situation.

America has always had an especially warm feeling about China and the Chinese. Her first major intervention in foreign affairs was to prevent the partition of China by the European powers at the end of the last century, and Americans took a specially friendly interest in Sun Yat Sen's effort to bring China forward into the modern world. Since then her educational, cultural, and commercial relations with China have been warm and sincerely benevolent. That the fifty years of friendship should have culminated in the orgy of bad faith over the question of prisoners at Panmunjom fills the American public with bitterness. The truce is not like a peace-making; it is more like the final decree of a fiercely contested divorce. The parties are not agreeing to go their separate ways; they have merely moved from one phase of enmity to another.

Apart from the bitterness of the discovery of what had happened to the American prisoners, there is another element of bitterness in the general feeling about the truce. Americans felt tremendously let down by the scale of allied participation in the war, and they feel that they are about to find out still more about who their friends really are. The others let us down in the fight, is their feeling; now are they going to force us into a Munich on the peace? A seat for China in the UN and a policy of business as usual with the Chinese, however reasonable they may be in the long view, look like black treachery in America for the time being.

On top of everything else, Americans are worried about their own internal affairs. The ineptitudes of the Secretary for Agriculture in the face of the enormous harvest have produced a noticeable drop in farm earnings already. This has hit sales of farm equipment and caused lay-offs and unemployment.

A big fire swept through one of General Motors key plants the other day, and this considerably increased their problem of scaling down production in an orderly manner. The automobile industry as a whole overproduced by about two million machines this year, and it will have to cut back in the next twelve months. A sharp drop in car production will play havoc with industries supplying automobile manufacturers with raw materials.

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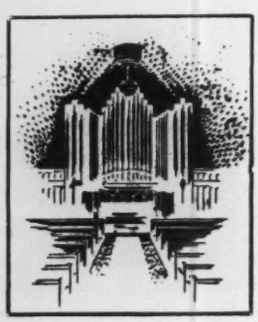

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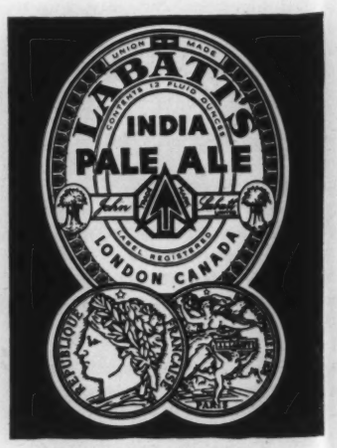

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Another trouble area is the building industry. A combination of greedy contractors and an ultra-conservative craft union, which has jacked up labor costs while resisting all technical progress, has at last put housing beyond the reach of the average buyer. The cheesiest two-bedroom house, offering such attractions as the kitchen-living room (an archaic feature which doesn't smell any better for being called "fluid living space") costs more than $8,000 and looks the bad bargain that it is. Even no-deposit instalment offers, and open-ended mortgages, can't lure buyers into coming forward. The Republicans have done their little bit to help by suspending all the building operations of the Federal Housing Authority.

The optimists discount all this by pointing out that 1953 will be the biggest wage-earning year that there has ever been, and that personal incomes are the highest on record. Their hope is that the consumers will buy off the recession as they did in 1949-50. This hope seems to be slim. Personal incomes have increased since the beginning of the year by about 7 per cent, but the level of personal debt has risen much faster than that. Instalment credit is nearing $21 billion, and it has increased by over $4 billion during the year. These mortgages of future purchasing power are at a record level, and they look extremely dangerous.

Their effect on the retail market is already noticeable. Retailers' inventories at the present time average two-and-a-half months' supply of goods as against a normal one-and-a-half, and the position is particularly tight where clothing and electrical appliances are concerned. Signs of trouble are noticeable already; stores are getting more insistent on calling home overdue monthly accounts, and finance companies are tightening up credit ratings. There is very little free spending money around. All the signs point to a considerable cut in production in the coming months, and by November it should be clear if we are in for a recession.

The President himself was easy in his mind, and was relaxing pleasantly in the neighborhood of Denver where the fishing and golf are excellent. In Washington there is an increasing amount of comment on his imperturbability in the face of the situation. The energy he showed in the spring seems to have drained away. One White House reporter who has been very close to three presidents, went on record the other day as saying that he had turned out to be the laziest President in modern times. No President has spent so much time playing since the days of Harding. Taft did a great deal of his public work for him, by serving as a bridge between the administration and Congress, and now that Taft has gone, Eisenhower's deficiencies are rapidly coming to the front. Few Presidents can ever have lost so much ground in such a short time so far as official Washington is concerned as Eisenhower has done in the last three months. His standing in the country is still as high as ever, but it is doubtful if personal charm will be enough in the months of strain.

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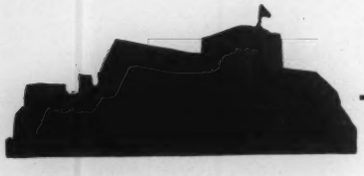

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Books

A Story Drowned in History

THERE ARE two distinct types of modern historical novels. In one, authors who have little more than a nodding acquaintance with historical fact, gather up a mess of busty, lusty females and sexually athletic males and put them through a series of fantastic and erotic adventures. In the other, the authors have something to say about the life and times of a certain period but do not wish to write a book of unadorned history; they assemble a cast of characters who are put through their paces in a manner carefully plotted to place them in the middle of every event considered important to the revelation of the history.

In *The Unconquered,* which he completed shortly before his death last February, Ben Ames Williams followed the second method. As history, the book is a conscientious, painstaking treatment of a confused but important period in the life of the United States—the years of reconstruction after the Civil War. As a novel, it fails, because Mr. Williams was more interested in his history than in the people who made it and the people he created to illustrate it. That is not to say that the book is badly written; Mr. Williams was always a craftsman; but in his preoccupation with the task of serving up history in a palatable form, he apparently forgot that the first requirement of a novelist is to tell a story about people.

The Unconquered is a sequel to Mr. Williams's *House Divided,* which was a best-seller a few years ago, and carries the Currain family through the difficult years in the South following the Confederate surrender at Appomattox. The earlier novel ended with the surrender. *The Unconquered* transfers the Currains to New Orleans, which enables Mr. Williams to show the Reconstruction period at its worst, and to deal with the post-war activities in Louisiana of Gen. James Longstreet, an important figure in the saga of the Currains. Careful consideration is given Longstreet's switch to the Republican side.

The cast of characters is large—too large, because in many cases the people are not vivid enough to be remembered—but the main story is carried along by Trav Currain, his wife Enid, and their two children, the romantic Lucy and the brutal Peter. Lucy has a protracted engagement to a Yankee officer, Donald Page, but finally Mr. Williams marries them and sends them back to Donald's home state, Maine. By having them visit Louisiana frequently, he is able to describe the ruthless struggle between the Radical Republicans and the Democrats from 1866 to 1874.

Other characters are used in similar fashion. The bitter, bloody defenders of white supremacy are introduced through Peter Currain, while the Radical leaders get into the pages through Trav's brother Tony, who supports the Republicans and sympathizes with the Negroes. Trav himself is a moderate Southerner, just as his son-in-law is a moderate Northerner, and opposes the extremists of both sides.

Mr. Williams was a diligent researcher, and did not hesitate to insert speeches, editorials and proclamations into his story to give it authenticity. For this reason, *The Unconquered* can be read with considerable profit as a historical treatise. But as a story of people who lived in a time and place of savage passion and uncurbed prejudice, of a society ripped and battered by loyalties and hatreds which have survived even to this day, the book just does not come alive. Its characters are too much under the control of the historian.

G.K.

THE UNCONQUERED—by Ben Ames Williams —689 pp.—*Allen*—$5.00.

In Brief

ONE MILLION ISLANDS FOR SALE — by Robert Froman — pp. 235 — *McClelland & Stewart*—$4.00.

Never-never-land—your very own island—is a private reality and Labor Day pother for many Canadian cottagers. So the paradisiacal vistas of this "guide to more than a million islands for sale or for rent around the shores and in the lakes of the United States and Canada" are less bewitching to them than to pavement-bound Americans for whom it is primarily intended. However, it is fun to read about islands in the Kawarthas, Lake Temagami (12,079 surveyed, the man says) or the BC Gulf, from which one may already have removed a stake. There are practical details about boats, real estate dealers, prices and equipment, from Florida to Alaska.

MAN ALONE—by William Doyle—pp. 238—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.50.

A true account of hell on earth and a damned man. Judged guilty of murdering a policeman during a robbery in his youth, Doyle spent twenty years in a tough American prison. This is his story of those twenty years, told mainly in his own words. No quarter was given by Doyle in prison; he re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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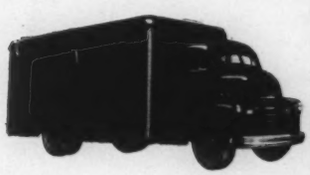

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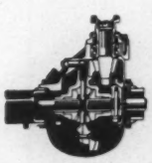

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

mained until near the end of his time a hard and bitter man, unfit for parole. For an alleged infraction of prison rules he had to stand nineteen days, naked, in a small windowless cell, in air so cold that ice formed in his water bucket.

No quarter is given by Doyle in his story, either, but he does not condemn or whine. Fortitude and a higher intelligence than most inmates possess preserved him. This is a tough-fibred story and it contains as detailed an image of prolonged hate (for the prison captain Crane) as hell itself could not provide.

THE END OF THE WORLD — by Kenneth Heuer—pp. 220—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.25.

"You are alone in the universe. You are, to be exact, the sole survivor in a universe populated with dead or dying stars . . . The year is 12,000,000,000 after the creation of the universe, or 10,000,000,000 AD. Soon you will vanish from the scene; and the rest of the performance will take place without anyone to watch it." So Mr. Heuer begins his last chapter.

Well, it is comforting to know that the world is not going to end for a while yet, despite the H-bomb—for the author takes atomic energy into his survey, as well as legends of floods, earthquakes and comets, past and future. Mr. Heuer is an astronomer-physicist, we are told, and Mr. Einstein vouches for him, so the book is comforting also for this reason—that scientific speculation is brought up to the level of mythology, and in the proof of time, may amount to no more than it.

Titillating to find myth and modern science cheek by jowl in a presumably reputable scientific inquiry. The speculation is fascinating, and so are the science-fiction pictures—for instance, one of a meteor ripping open New York City. A book to frighten dull care, easy to read.

NORTH FROM MALAYA — by William O. Douglas — pp. 352, illustrated, index — *Doubleday* — $4.50.

It may be fashionable in some circles to deride touristic American fact-finders and geography-sniffers like Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court William O. Douglas, wide-eyed, good-willed and addicted to the camera. If more Americans of prominence had his itch for far places and people, American opinion and foreign policy might be better informed than it is. A readable, homely and on the whole acute survey of a taut yet gentle area crucial in the international world. "It is better to go north from Malaya to see for oneself the various people who inhabit the region and the paddies they work." Mr. Douglas is not gospel on such matters, but his epistles are friendly and informative.

RUSSIA: WHAT NEXT?—by Isaac Deutscher—pp. 230—*Oxford*—$3.50.

THE KREMLIN vs THE PEOPLE — by Robert Magidoff—pp. 288—*Doubleday*—$3.85.

Since the death of Stalin there has been a plethora of expert opinions, wildly various, about Russia's present state and future. The chief journalistic result of the Great Khan's demise has been a spate of fortune-tellers' tents on Fleet Street and Times Square, and the sum total of their auguries is: on the one hand this, on the other hand that.

Even Mr. Deutscher sets up a cloudy crystal ball. (If there are any western experts on Russia, he is one, as his biography of Stalin revealed.) "When resentment is deep, strong, and politically articulate, an authoritarian government cannot save itself by reformists' concessions." Yet: "The people's patience and hopefulness may secure the stability of Malenkov's government and the chance of a gradual democratic regeneration of the regime."

Mr. Magidoff's larger book was in the presses when Stalin's death was announced. Its publication has not, therefore, the same hint of opportunism, although its style more strongly suggests haste in getting into a market while it is hot. Mr. Deutscher's foundation is securely laid in the past—he has been a student of the Russian Revolution since its beginning; Mr. Magidoff, an American newspaperman of Russian parentage, creates a façade. Both books are sincere studies and the views presented are detailed and analytic. Both writers take cognizance of the stupendous strength and resilience of the USSR and its great advance in one generation to a power second only to the U.S.A.

T. J. A.

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Music

The Stirring Tumult From Afar

IT IS A SINGULAR THING that when it comes to the bagpipes there are few people who take a sober and moderate view. Some find the instrument ridiculous and noisy. Such people are to be pitied for losing the pleasure of the finest single instrument made for a war-cry or a lament. Others think that the pipes represent the ultimate achievement of the art of music. They also are to be pitied, for they are setting their musical sights very low indeed. The steady and unvarying drone bass, and the simple (though unique) scale, to say nothing of the difficulty of phrasing on an instrument which, once started, cannot pause, or alter its emphasis except by grace notes—all these things deprive the instrument of the wider and more subtle resources of musical style.

We are certainly not left with marches, strathspeys and reels, however. There exists a great deal of serious music for the pipes, and if you go to one of the Highland Games which dot the country around this time of year, you may find a piper on a lonely little platform, pacing slowly to and fro and playing a long, usually melancholy, piece, full of flourishes and rich passages alternating with sustained notes. This music is the Ancient Pibroch, which is an Anglicized spelling of the Gaelic for pipe music.

All pibrochs have the same form, that of theme and variations. *Clan Ranald's Salute* has eleven variations, but the number is usually round half a dozen. There are sixteen named ways of varying a tune; it is also possible, though unusual, to use a special variation suited only to the one particular tune.

These variations are progressively more and more elaborate and the pibroch usually ends with a restatement of the themes which, by the way, is usually a kind of dignified recitative, delivered as a piece of musical rhetoric rather than as a rhythmical tune.

Some of these pibrochs date from the early eighteenth century; most of them are somewhat later. *Black Donald Balloch of the Isles' March to the Battle of Inverlochy* (known to Sir Walter Scott as *The Pibroch of Donald Dhu*) is allegedly as old as the battle it commemorates, which took place in 1431; but the earliest recorded version is dated 1764. Others are supposed to be even earlier. *The Blue Ribbon,* for instance, is claimed by both the Grants and the Robertsons, who agreed in saying that it was the pibroch played when whichever clan it was turned up on the field of Bannockburn, and thereby turned the tide of battle. Yet another pibroch, *The Battle of the North Inch of Perth,* is supposed to date from 1396, the year of the battle. This is doubtful; the historians have so far been unable to decide who, in fact, were the combatants at the battle in question, which seems to have been a sort of tournament in the presence of the King and the Court.

Not every pibroch appears with such a dubious ancestry. The more recent ones can be attributed not only to a year but to a composer. For instance, the greatest and most famous of all laments, *MacCrimmon Will Never Return,* was composed by Donald Ban MacCrimmon, as the MacLeods and their followers left Skye in 1745 to follow the Young Pretender. This lament is not only a fine pibroch; it is a great and noble melody, and is still to be heard at Highland funerals. MacCrimmon himself, incidentally, was the sole casualty of a minor skirmish known as the Rout of Moy, where a party of Jacobites was sent packing by the village blacksmith and some of his friends.

Another justly famous lament of this period is *Lord Lovat's Lament,* which was written for the incredible Simon Fraser, who was beheaded in 1747 for his part in the Jacobite rebellion. Earlier in his career Lovat had found another use for the bagpipe. His wife was wedded by force, a sort of shot-gun wedding in reverse, and when the happy couple retired, the great bagpipe was ordered to be played to drown out her screams of protest. Later, she became very fond of him, and the marriage ended almost as a perfect, sentimental love-match. I do not doubt that the pipes had a great deal to do with it.

Considering the powerful, vigorous style of the old pibrochs, it is not surprising that we should find among them many commemorating battles, many others saluting great chieftains on notable occasions, and many others lamenting the fall of the mighty dead. What is surprising is that there should be such a relatively large number of these long and impressive compositions devoted to the memory of occasions which are sometimes only trivial, and sometimes downright preposterous.

For instance, Patrick Mor MacCrimmon kissed the hand of Charles the Second, and immediately composed a pibroch called *I Got A Kiss of the King's Hand.* That is fair enough, but if he were alive nowadays he might well make a tune after coming out of the post office, entitled *I Got A Fill of the Queen's Ink.* This is quite in line with *The Finger Lock,* which immortalizes the time Ronald of Morar got the minister so drunk he couldn't preach.

In fact, many pibrochs were written after great drunken parties, and the *Big, Middling, and Little Sprees* were three tunes written about a man named MacGregor. Another member of the MacCrimmon family composed *Too Long in This Condition* when he turned up at a wedding, and had to sit in the corner, neglected and unrefreshed until some one noticed him.

No incident seems to have been too small. *The Desperate Battle of the Birds* was composed after watching a fight in a farmyard, and *The Scarcity of Fish* recalls the dissatisfaction of the matrons of a certain fishing village, who complained that the young men had no time to go fishing

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because they were so busy courting. To my knowledge, there is only one pibroch which is directly amorous, and that is *My Dearest on Earth; Give Me Your Kiss*. A girl who was courted with a pibroch ought to consider herself well and truly woo'd, and give over shilly-shallying.

But the heart of the pibroch is not in such pieces as those. It is to be found rather in *The Glen Is Mine*, a tune as proud and angry as its title. It was composed by John MacCrimmon, the very last of the great hereditary pipers of the MacLeods. He died in 1822, and his son, who was also a piper, played the Black Watch on to the field of Waterloo. The voice of the pibroch speaks of epic times. Whether the heroes were truly as brave, or as much to be lamented, we shall not know. It is not important, any more than it is important that Troy was a mud-walled village on the beach. What we do hear is a voice that speaks of only one virtue, that of warlike courage, and only one fate, that of death in battle. It is a limited enough range, perhaps, but the world has not yet outgrown the two themes of the pibroch.

Until it does, go to the Highland Games, and look for the solitary piper declaiming the old music. It will not do for a staple diet, but if you listen to it carefully for a few minutes, amid this tumult you will hear from afar, ancestral voices prophesying war.

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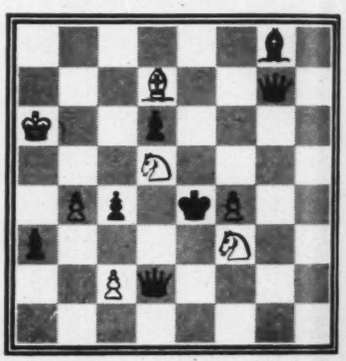
Chess Problem

A PIONEER OF MODEL MATES in the two-mover was O. C. Budde, a very talented but almost forgotten composer, whose name does not appear in H. Weenink's directory in "The Chess Problem." Our No. 30 is an excellent example of his work along this line, composed back in 1881. The mates will be very familiar to the seasoned problemist, but the problem as a whole still possesses striking originality.

Model mates are decidedly more convincing in three-movers up, than in the somewhat effete two-mover. Piling up of model mates has no doubt been the most fertile result of the cumulative tendency in composition, according to Alain White. A problem by B. Harley, composed in 1931, presents ten model mates with only three minor pieces and Pawns on the white side. B. J. de C. Andrade has a similar one with eight models, all with Knight mates. Modern composers have given much attention to pin-models, and here the cumulative spirit also prevails.

Problem No. 30, by O. C. Budde.

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Perhaps the only three-mover with three pin-models, with the black Q essentially pinned on lines both lateral and diagonal, is the following by E. H. Shaw, composed in 1942:

White: K on Q8; Q on K1; Bs on QKt2 and Q7; Kts on QR3 and K2; Ps on QKt4, QB2, K5, KKt3 and KKt5. Black: K on Q4; Q on K6; B on QR8; Kt on QB8; Ps on QKt3, K2 and KKt5. Mate in three.

1.Kt-Q4, Q-K7; 2.B-B6ch, KxP; 3.Kt-B4 mate. 1.Kt-Q4, QxKKt; 2.Q-R1ch, KxP (Q-K5; 3.P-B4); 3.Kt-B4 mate.

There is also an inferior slaughter model by 1.Kt-Q4, BxB; 2.QxQ, BxQKt; 3.B-K6 mate. The problem has two threats, 2.B-B6ch and 2.QxQ, etc.

Solution of Problem No. 29.

Key-move 1.R-B8, waiting. If KtxP; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If Kt-B4; 2.KtxKt(4) mate. If Kt-Q5; 2.Kt-B4 mate. If R-Q5; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If PxBP; 2.R-Q8 mate. If P-Q3; 2.P-K6 mate. If P-K3; 2.Q-K4 mate. If PxKP; 2.QxQP mate.

Above are the eight self-block mixmum variations, the first having the change-mate. Besides the QR gets one mate and the KB two.

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Sports

That Was Football

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, who is a 12-Handicap quibbler, has one mild quarrel with present-day rugby football as it is played in Canada. Nowadays, it seems to me, football teams are operated along the lines of the actuarial department of a life insurance company. Modern football teams are extremely efficient but they smell of Big Business. Gone is the carefree era when the boys played an entire season to be rewarded only with a wind-breaker, an indifferent banquet and the inalienable right to lose a week's salary in the post-prandial crap game.

Admittedly, from the viewpoints of the sedentary spectators and the club treasurers, the game of Canadian rugby football has improved immeasurably in the past 20 or 25 years. The modern linemen carry out their assignments like ponderous automatons. The backfielders consult their maps and perform like well-disciplined panzer units. The quarterback is a field general who only carries out the orders of the General Staff. If the quarterback deviates from The Plan, he is recalled to headquarters immediately for disciplinary action.

This is an era in which the coach and the motion picture films of the previous game have become more important than the instinctive ability and individuality of any one player. The "spotter" who sits in the press-box high above the field, studying the defensive formations, is more important than the full back who can batter his way through three yards of human flesh.

Regimentation of football players probably really began more than 25 years ago when Knute Rockne was coach at Notre Dame. Rockne was a perfectionist and a disciplinarian, who ordinarily had two or three understudies schooled to step into the shoes of each of his First Team operatives on the field.

Rockne rigorously indoctrinated his players in situational plays at their blackboard sessions in the dressing-room. There is the hoary Notre Dame story of one of these skull-sessions.

"We have the ball on the seven-yard line," said Rockne turning from the blackboard. "It's fourth down and they've stopped us on two off-tackle smashes. Jablonski," he barked pointing at a fourth-string quarterback, "what would you do in this situation?"

"Well, Coach," drawled the disenchanted Jablonski, "I'd just stand up on the bench so I'd have a better view of the play."

In those days, of course, football wasn't regarded nearly as seriously in Canada as it was in the United States. Even 25 years ago there were certain gay intercollegiate football players who arrived at the field house for Saturday's game, still wearing the dinner jackets or tail-coats in which they had

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attended the previous night's debutante party.

Two of these slightly bedizened McGill safety-men were reeling beneath a towering punt one Saturday afternoon.

"Which ball will I catch?" screamed the backfielder in whose territory the punt was floating.

"Catch the middle one," retorted his mate laconically.

"I can't," wailed Our Hero as he peered aloft. "There are two in the middle."

It was only natural that Canadian senior football should be even more casual than Canadian intercollegiate football in those years. Senior football, generally speaking, was only a Saturday afternoon pastime for athletically-inclined young men who worked reasonably hard at other jobs throughout the week. It wasn't uncommon for a star halfback to miss a game because he couldn't get away from his chores in the shipping-room.

It is probable that Western Canada must bear the blame for the beginning of the Americanization of the Canadian game. Edmonton and Saskatoon made sporadic importation of American players in the early Twenties. Winnipeg got into the act in the early Thirties, about the same time that the introduction of the forward pass had forced Montreal, Ottawa, Sarnia, and even Hamilton to seek talent from below the border.

That was the beginning of the end of the days of beautiful nonsense. Seldom after that did McGill football players drive a baby Austin through the lobby of a Kingston hotel, pursuing an anguished assistant manager who found sanctuary by vaulting the reception desk. There wasn't another incident such as that of the railway porter who locked himself in the gentlemen's powder-room after he had made a vain attempt to curb the riotous celebration of a Big Four team. The train fortuitously slowed down just as the players were employing an axe to smash the door. The porter wisely broke the window, jumped from the train and didn't stop running until he reached the next county.

Your agent was employed in the pursuit of newsworthy items in Western Canada throughout the transition period. My earliest recollections of Winnipeg senior football are that two games were played every Saturday—the official game which was played at Wesley Stadium during the afternoon and the re-play which took place in Child's restaurant at the corner of Portage and Main later that night.

Nick, the night bouncer in Child's, was a patient man who, when the battle began, merely phoned for the police and ordered all his waitresses and waiters into the dug-outs behind the serving counter. When the combatants returned to Child's in a less bellicose mood, he presented them politely with the bill for damages.

The epic Western play-off games between Winnipeg and Regina were punctuated by the thud of fists, and that sterling Winnipeg centre, Rosy Adelman, had the unusual distinction of being kayoed twice in one day at Regina.

Rosy began his day's misadventures by being flattened by a well-aimed punch while he was bending over the ball. He was walking out of the elevator at the Saskatchewan Hotel later that evening, on his way to the train. As Rosy stepped from the elevator, the same Regina player hit him again and registered his second knockout. His team-mates carried Adelman aboard the train.

There probably was no connection between this incident and the fact that, when Rosy retired from football, he moved to California.

If Winnipeg football players were inclined to be extroverts, some of their extraordinary behavior may be traced to the off-hand manner in which they were disciplined by a couple of their coaches. One of these coaches (who shall remain nameless because, since then, he has become an eminently staid and extremely successful businessman), once was attending a meeting of American college coaches at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York.

Things became a trifle dull during the annual banquet, so our coach winked to a confederate and hurried him into a serving pantry. Our coach took off his pal's dinner jacket and stiff shirt, smeared his face and chest with cranberry sauce and donned an Indian war bonnet which he had picked up in his wanderings. Brandishing carving knife and uttering blood-curdling cries, he pursued his confederate through the banquet hall just as the speaker of the evening was telling his audience how college football was contributing to the development of clean young American manhood.

The Winnipegs probably were the first thoroughly professional team in Canada, although the local boys often were paid off in peanuts. Nonetheless, the local loogans went for the ride and they had a heck of a good time.

They waded in the large gold-fish pool in the lobby of a Calgary hotel, they sauntered through dining-cars in their bare feet and one of them even stuck his big toe in a dignified lady's cup of coffee and then informed her politely that it was much too hot for her to drink.

Of course, such things couldn't happen now.

As soon as the football teams went on their dizzy spending-spree and began to pay decent salaries, they expected the boys to behave as little gentlemen. After all, when boys stop playing games and go out into the business world, they are expected to grow up.

But sometimes, when I fork out $98 for season's tickets or when I notice that Regina, with a population of 55,000, has a football budget of $260,000, I wonder if the little boy hasn't grown up too quickly.

Every year, it seems, my seats are farther from the field. I can watch the little figures perform their perfectly-executed manoeuvres. I marvel at the perfection of the game. But, from my lofty seat, I no longer can see the faces of the players. I suppose that is the point at which a sport loses some of its emotional impact.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Railroad Revolution: Steam to Diesel

By W. P. SNEAD

FOR MANY a small boy hanging on a farm fence a quarter of a century or so ago, watching a fast freight thunder by with an arching plume of exhaust and whistle blaring for a level crossing, there was no greater ambition than to pull the throttle on a big high wheeler. Little did the boys, or the engineers either, dream that the fast freights within a few years would be rolling behind the throaty rumble of diesel exhaust and the lonely whistle of the steam engine would be replaced by the bray of an air horn.

To the regret of everyone who loved the "snorting steam and piston stroke" of the steam locomotive, which has always had a personality distinct from any ordinary machine, the changeover to diesel power has become increasingly swift. Personality had to give way to efficiency.

The revolution in motive power, however, began a long way back—in 1892, to be exact, when Dr. Rudolph Diesel of Germany took out the original patent for an engine that would burn fuels on the self-ignition principle. Though soon picked up as a major means of propulsion by shipbuilders and stationary plant designers, the diesel engine remained in the background as a competitor to the gasoline engine until the 1930's, when General Motors entered the picture.

The story of how General Motors, the world's largest builder of automobiles and trucks, also became a builder of railway engines, actually begins in the 1920's. Then, a young truck salesman by the name of Hal Hamilton, who had started railroading as a fireman, became an engineer and one of the boomers who, in the grand heyday of railroading, moved from job to job with the weather and traffic conditions. When ill health forced him to go to Denver to recuperate, he took a job selling trucks for the White Motor Company. He watched the early efforts to provide branch-line service with converted buses and trucks, and after noting their multiple failures, evolved the idea of using a gasoline engine with an electrical transmission to provide power to the wheels, in much the manner a streetcar is driven. Convinced he had a workable and salable idea, he left the automobile field and joined a group of other enthusiasts in August of 1922 to form a company, the Electro-Motive Corporation, which is now the Electro-Motive Division of General Motors.

The idea was good, but the obstacles that the young company had to overcome, from financing difficulties to problems of design and selling, at times seemed insuperable. The tide turned when Hamilton obtained in the summer of 1923 an order for two gas-electric rail cars—if they could be called orders, for he did not even have a sample to demonstrate.

The orders read that the cars would be bought only if they met the performance specifications and if they would run for 30 days in regular service with no more than two 15-minute delays due to mechanical trouble. The crew of designing mechanics, aided by the engineering staffs of General Electric and the Winton Engine Company, dug in to build the cars. They met all requirements. The cars were sold, and the company was on its way to becoming a supplier to many of the railroads in the United States and Canada.

As the cars became more popular, the demands on them for greater horse-power increased and their engine power was boosted from 175 h.p. to 800 h.p.

Fuel consumption at this point became an overriding problem, because the competitive advantage between the gas-electric car and steam engines was rapidly narrowing. A new power plant was required if progress and sales were to continue. The diesel engine seemed the natural choice, but, at that stage of its development, it was too slow, too heavy and had too many troubles to be suitable.

The Winton Engine Company went to work to develop the diesel engine and the critical injector unit, which is the key to all diesels because it supplies the right amount of oil at precisely the right time, in much the same way the spark is timed to a gasoline engine—in effect both distributor and carburetor combined. While this was going on, General Motors also was becoming interested, and Charles F. Kettering, a man who has led the way in many things since he first put an electric starter on an automobile, ordered research begun on the diesel engine.

Kettering decided the engine would have to be a lightweight, high-speed affair, and to achieve this he adopted the 2-stroke cycle. The ordinary automobile engine operates on the 4-stroke cycle, which means that there is a power stroke only once for every two revolutions of the crankshaft. In a 2-stroke engine, power is applied to the piston every time it reaches the top of the cylinder.

The battle of research was won with the development of a successful direct injector, and as General Motors saw the importance of that discovery, they not only bought out the Winton Engine Company in 1930, but also Winton's best customer, the Electro-Motive Corporation.

IT WAS a daring step for General Motors, at a time when the Great Depression was settling down like a black cloud across the land. To expand when other companies were going bankrupt took not only courage but imagination as well. The new engines were ready for presentation at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933. Each cylinder developed close to 80 h.p. and the engine only weighed 20 pounds per h.p., which, for a prototype engine with many a bug in it, was remarkable. Up to then, diesel engines had weighed about 60 pounds per h.p. Of course, because of the terrific cylinder pressures involved (it takes 550 pounds pressure to make a diesel engine fire, as compared to the normal 100-140 pounds of an automobile engine), big diesels such as these are hardly comparable to a ratio of one pound per h.p. achieved by aeroplane engines which operate on very high octane fuel.

While the engines were being built, the President of the Burlington Railroad, Ralph Budd, visited the plant in his search for a means of recovering passenger traffic. He had long believed that light-weight, high-speed, smartly styled trains were the answer to the modern railroad's needs. After seeing the engines, Budd went to see Kettering in Detroit. Budd soon made his decision. He ordered the unproved engine for the new train he had in mind. The race for streamlined trains was on.

Meanwhile, the designers were busily dreaming of new worlds to conquer. Their objective: a diesel electric that would do anything a steam engine could do in handling main-line traffic. They built it after General Motors executives had thrown another half million dollars into the pot. The story from there is now a familiar one. The big diesels, like the one pictured here, have proved that they can out-perform the steam engine in every kind of weather and under the worst of operating conditions.

It can also do the job at less than half the cost. A diesel engine has an operating efficiency of about 35 per cent: that is, it can get 35 per cent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

Trotter Studio, Chatham, Ont.

TOP PICTURE shows a 3,000 h.p., main-line locomotive built by General Motors Diesel for the CNR. Below, a 1,500 h.p., GM general purpose locomotive, with a 16-cylinder, two-cycle engine, on the final assembly line.

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Dominion Asbestos

I AM HOLDING *some Dominion Asbestos Mines stock for which I paid* 3.50. *I note that the stock is in the neighborhood of* 80 *cents now. Would you advise buying more stock to average down my price?—J.E.L., Timmins.*

With the market action of the stock not living up to the rather glowing press releases by the company, the picture in this case appears to be out of focus. The recent issues of shares (70,000 to P. Harrison and Co., in payment of a debt of $70,000; 30,000 in payment for $30,000 cash received from the International Asbestos Co.; and 100,000 in payment of $115,000 due to the Standard Electric Co.) suggest that the working capital position is not too healthy. Averaging down, which is merely multiplying your risk, is definitely not recommended.

Silver Miller

I HAVE *a small holding of Silver Miller Mines Ltd., purchased at* 1.50. *Is it worth keeping for a possible return to my purchase price? — A.R.M., Toronto.*

With 200,000 shares underwritten at 65 cents and 450,000 shares optioned in blocks of 150,000 at 65; 200,000 at 75; and 100,000 at $1.00, there appears to be a good possibility that an improved market for these shares can be developed.

In addition, the company reports that considerable progress has been made since the new board of directors assumed control. Mine development has been expanded and the bank overdraft of $550,000 has been reduced to $30,000.

The annual report showed that a net profit of $213,714 had been realized, and this, plus the retirement of the bank loan and the inflow of funds from the new financing, should put the company in a good financial position.

Study of the chart of the stock indicates a recovery to about 1.40 is possible.

Eastern Metals

I AM INTERESTED *in purchasing Eastern Metals at $1.35. What is your opinion of this company and its prospects?—J. E. V., Montreal.*

In our opinion, this stock is not a buy at this price. Until shaft sinking is completed and lateral work definitely develops commercial ore, the operation must be considered a marginal one with limited prospects. Nickel supplies have expanded to the point where the restrictions on commercial usage are being eased and the U.S. Government announced last June that the nickel expansion program is close to completion. From this it appears that the prospects of the company obtaining a stockpile contract are not too good.

The market action of the stock seems to be telling the story. Although 200,000 shares were underwritten at $1.50 on June 17, the stock has moved between $1.00 and $1.50 since then — apparently leaving the underwriter "on the hook" in "street" parlance, An option to purchase 100,000 shares at $1.75 was due August 15, but has since been extended to October 15.

From this, and the chart pattern, we are inclined to the view that a recovery beyond 1.50 is a doubtful possibility. The stock is considered to be much more of a short sale on rallies than a buy.

Great Lakes Paper

I HAVE *some Great Lakes Paper that I purchased at 23½ some years ago. I see the stock is moving up rapidly. Could you tell me why it is moving up and where you would advise selling?—Mrs. G. M., Toronto.*

According to "street" rumor the trading interest in the stock has been sparked by reports that the company will call in and retire some of the outstanding preferred stock.

As earnings for the first half of this year have shown a decline from $1.07 per common share to $0.93, in a continuation of the decline that reduced net profits by 43 per cent last year, the present advance would seem to be limited both as to time and extent.

Study of the chart pattern of this stock indicates that offerings will be heavy at 19½ and again at 21½. Should the stock reach the 21½ mark on confirmation of the rumor, selling of your holding is recommended.

Canadian Atlantic Oil

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Canadian Atlantic Oil now? I see that it has dropped below the support level of 4½ you indicated last May. Would you consider the stock a buy here or would you suggest waiting?—T. P. T., Buffalo.*

At 3.95 Canadian Atlantic has reached an all-time new low. The prolonged slide from 6½ has apparently been caused by shareholders who, disappointed at the lack of results on natural gas development, and disturbed by the prevailing muddle in the gas export situation, are selling out. Now that another Federal election is over, it is possible that economic sanity will penetrate the fog of political promises. Regardless of what Alberta or Ottawa wants, it is evident that the Federal Power Commission in Washington holds the power of decision on the use of our gas. By withholding access to American markets or by providing Southern Ontario with gas from Texas, the Commission can render any Canadian project un-

economic. Only extensive subsidies from Ottawa, possibly under the guise of "defence" needs, could make all-Canadian gas lines possible and only Federal guarantees could invite the public financing of them.

Meanwhile, without markets to provide production revenue, many oil companies must slow up or abandon exploration work, as most of their capital is sunk in the ground in capped gas wells.

Canadian Atlantic, as was noted in SATURDAY NIGHT, May 23, is dependent upon the development of the Fort St. John gas fields by the proposed Westcoast Transmission Line. The long delay in obtaining Federal Power Commission approval to enter the Northwestern U.S. market has acted to drag the stock down from its overvalued position. The fast decline in the stocks of the group most interested in this area poses the question as to whether hopes for the Westcoast line are being abandoned.

On the basis of total assets per share CATL has a value line of about 2. In our studies of the market action of the oil group, we have noted that many of the leaders show a consistent pattern in meeting support at about twice total assets. If support is maintained near 4 for a few weeks, a limited purchase would seem worth the risk of speculation. A fast recovery to about 5¼ could occur if Westcoast approval were granted.

Preston East Dome

I BOUGHT *some Prestoz at 3.00 on the supposedly reliable information that the company had discovered uranium. What is your prognosis? —J. W., Winnipeg.*

Preston, along with other mines of the Technical Mines Consultants group, is investigating uranium prospects on the north shore of Lake Huron near Blind River.

While the uranium prospects are very much a subject for conjecture, our analysis of the chart pattern of the stock indicates that an extension of the present downswing from the recent high of 3.90 to about 3.05 is possible, with an advance following to about 4.50.

Yale Lead

I WOULD *appreciate some information on Yale Lead and Zinc Mines Ltd. I have been very interested in this company since it took over so many claims.—A. F., Gibsons, BC.*

Yale holds 74 claims that extend for over three miles along the west shore of Kootenay Lake near Nelson, BC. Despite the decline in lead and zinc prices, operations have been held on a profitable basis and development work has gone forward. At the end of 1952 the company reported 177,000 tons of ore reserves, grading 2.7 ounces of silver, 6.1% lead and 3.6% zinc, and in July reported new ore being opened up with an average grade of 9% lead and 2.32% zinc.

An operating profit of $331,159 was shown for 1952 and for the first half of this year an operating profit of $73,875 was earned.

Retirement of all of the 5% mortgage bonds last April has relieved the company of the load of interest payments and should help improve the working capital position.

The rather slim margin of operating profit shown for this year may be threatened by the evident slowing of activity in major industrial fields such as automobiles and farm implements. Lead futures for December delivery in New York are quoted at 12.55 cents and zinc futures at 9.84 cents, in comparison with cash prices there of 14 and 11 cents. As the market is showing, by the reduction of the price of the stock from the 1951 high of 1.05 to the recent low of .25, the prospects are not too bright and buying is not recommended.

Canadian Collieries

I PURCHASED *several hundred shares of Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd., at 4.80. As the company was paying dividends then and was going into the oil business, the development picture seemed to hold promise. Do you consider this a good time to take a loss and get out? — S. R. F., Kamloops, BC.*

With the market for coal apparently dwindling (witness the decline in production from 656,418 tons in 1951 to 464,680 in 1952 by this company, and the decline in total Canadian production in the first quarter of this year to 4,364,957 from the 4,995,480 tons recorded in the same period in 1952), it would appear that the possibility of a revival of earnings to the point where dividends would be resumed is more than a little remote. It will be more difficult with the completion of the Trans-Mountain Pipeline and the expansion of oil refining capacity in the Vancouver area. Residual fuel oil competes directly with coal for industrial use.

The main prospects of the company now seem to lie in the subsidiary Cancolls Oil and Gas Ltd., which holds substantial interests in syndicates controlling some 1.5 million acres in the Prairie Provinces and B.C. From the action of the stock no reports being available, it seems evident that nothing very startling has been discovered.

All factors considered, the taking of a loss now would seem warranted to enable re-investment in a more attractive proposition.

In Brief

CAN YOU *give me any information on Da-Kerr-Ad Consolidated Mines?—E. S. J., Lethbridge, Alta.*

Dormant as of June 1951.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Glenrock Gold Mines?—E. G. J., Peterborough, Ont.*

A straight gamble.

CAN YOU *give me any information on New Pacific Oil?—M.R., Montreal.*

No news; apparently dormant.

WHAT WOULD *you advise me to do with 1,000 shares of Anthonian for which I paid 56 cents? — M.L., Montreal.*

Sell them.

W. P. S.

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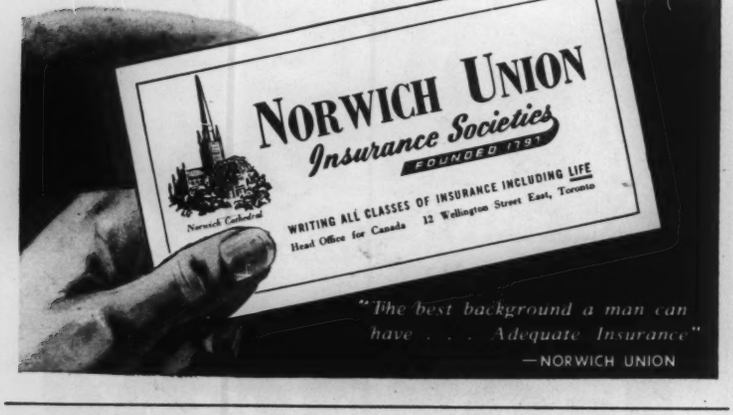
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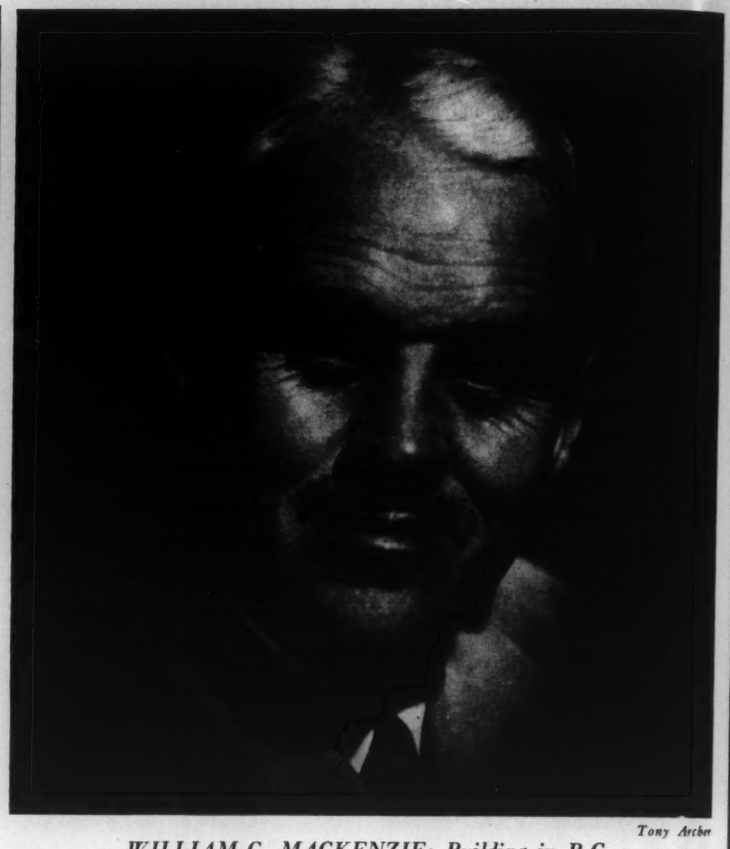
A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of October, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 11th day of September, 1953.

Montreal, Aug. 26, 1953.

S. C. Scadding, *Secretary*



Tony Archer

WILLIAM G. MACKENZIE: Building in B.C.

Who's Who in Business

WILLIAM GEORGE MACKENZIE was born in Vancouver 54 years ago but in almost every other way he is as Scottish as the green and blue tartan tie he is entitled to wear.

To the 1,000 employees of the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company, which he has headed since its foundation, he is usually known as "Mr. Mac" and his closest friends in the Western United States have similarly Gaelic names such as MacLeod and McCurdy.

His comfortable home, Ardcronie, twenty minutes' drive from his downtown Vancouver office, is set in 3½ acres of flower-filled gardens overlooking the Fraser River and was named after the ancestral family home in Scotland near the place where his great-grandfather—a former Captain in the Seaforth Highlanders, lies buried.

B.C. Bridge's white-haired president has wasted little time since leaving the Flying Corps (as Lieut. Mackenzie, M.C.) in 1919 and entering business via the wholesale hardware firm of Wood, Vallance & Leggat Limited, of which his father was Vice-president. Three years later he went into partnership as an automotive and radio supplies dealer and he and his partners have only recently sold their interest in this firm, Mackenzie, White & Dunsmuir Ltd., which now serves the province through more than a dozen branches.

In 1929, with associates, he formed the British Columbia Bridge and Dredging Company and in the quarter century since then the firm has demonstrated its versatility: in addition to building bridges and dredging almost every B.C. harbor worthy of the name, it has worked on and in numerous west-coast pulp and paper mills, a Vancouver bank building, U.S. army bases, the waters off Alaska, an airbase in Alberta and the world's biggest aluminum project at Kitimat.

Fittingly the firm will celebrate its 25th anniversary next year with the completion, as joint contractors, of its most important local project—the ¾ mile-long Granville Street bridge which will carry eight lanes of traffic over False Creek from downtown Vancouver to the city's busy, dock lined north-west peninsula.

As the company's activities have broadened, wiry Bill Mackenzie has become increasingly busy. These days he spends less time looking out of the large, picture windows of his walnut-panelled office, next to the Vancouver Stock Exchange, and concentrates more on seeing the West firsthand from behind the wheel of his cream-colored 1953 Jaguar. (He also has two

Cadillacs for more sedate business functions).

Occasionally he combines business with his hobby of photography. On a recent trip to Squamish to view a dredging project, he took three cameras—a movie camera, one that takes 3-D shots in color and a camera that develops the film instantaneously.

Come what may, he always finds time for golf and is a member of two clubs. When Bing Crosby visited the area, the 11-handicap President and the par-nudging crooner played a round together but heavy rain made the result inconclusive.

Bill Mackenzie is married and his eldest son, William, 29, also works for the company as assistant to the Vice-President. His other son James, 28, is a Vancouver doctor and a 21-year-old daughter Helen, has just started work with a local firm after a spell in England. Like their father who is a former student of St. Andrew's College in Aurora, all three have received part of their education in Eastern Canada.

Mr. Mac is a neat and conservative dresser with a liking for grey or light blue suits. But once in a while he is easy to pick out of a crowd as probably the only man in Vancouver whose tartan tie matches the seat covers of his Cadillac.

JOHN WILCOCK

•

The picture of Mr. Horace Enman which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT on August 29 should have been credited to Karsh of Ottawa.

Steam to Diesel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

of the energy available out of a pound of fuel, compared to the 20 per cent delivered by a gasoline engine and the 6 to 8 per cent obtained by a steam engine.

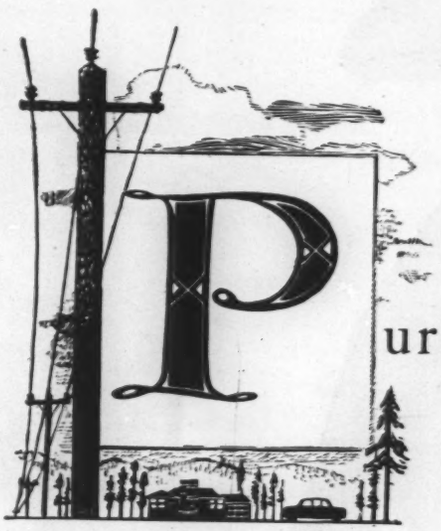
Despite the complex appearance of the diesel locomotive, with more than 70,000 pieces in one unit, it is not only easier and cheaper to maintain than its steam equivalent but it can stay on the job nearly 24 hours a day.

All of these factors have meant tremendous savings in operating costs to the railroads and all of the major locomotive builders have been kept busy supplying the demand. One American railroad now features an advertisement that states "we are putting out the fire in our last steam engine." In 1930, a famous builder of steam locomotives advertised the belief that steam would never be replaced. Now they build steam engines only on special order.

General Motors' faith in the future of diesel power has been extended to Canada. Since May of 1950, at a new plant in London, Ontario, General Motors Diesel has been turning out not only locomotives for Canadian railways but locomotives for export, too, in addition to the smaller units being used to an increasing extent in trucks, buses and boats.

Here again the inherent power factors of the diesel engine are providing fuel economies of up to 50 per cent in competition with gasoline engines. And, because of the flat performance curves of the diesel, one of the new 87 h.p. marine engines is estimated to provide a power output equivalent to a gasoline engine of 115 h.p.

It is not only on the main-line that railroads have achieved operating economies with diesels. The whistling chuckle of diesel switch engines has replaced the explosive coughs of the familiar yard "goat" or switch engine that butts cars around in the still of the night on nearly every railroad. Up on the main-line the engineer no longer leans from his cab window with a red bandana around his neck and cinders in his ears, but sits in a comfortable seat with all the clear vision of an automobile, and goes rolling down the high iron towards the beckoning lights of the block signals.



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Fashion

COSTUME jewellery will be one of fashion's focal points this Fall. The open neckline in dresses and suits, together with the pared-down silhouette and the small hats, demands jewellery—in the bulk. Consequently, earrings, bracelets and necklaces are big and eye-catching.

We dropped in at Coro's, to see what Ann Hackett was showing for Canadian women. The jewellery certainly looks bulky, but is of lightweight material. We saw chain bracelets that were at least 1½ inches wide but their heavy appearance was deceptive, for they were quite light to wear. Massive looking earrings turned out to be featherweight.

Hattie Carnegie says that the huge hoop earring is on its way out and is being replaced by the slimmer, elongated earring. Ann Hackett partially agreed. She felt hoops would still be popular but that the longer, slimmer earring would be increasingly in demand.

She showed us Coro's new "Glitter Sticks"—long drop earrings, each made up of eight rhinestones with a larger one on the end. The earrings, when worn, hang down some two or three inches. Then there were "Swing-Time" types; each earring is a mobile of lightweight metal made up of three graduated sizes of ovals, triangles or oblongs which swing merrily from the suspension point. For those who prefer button earrings, there were big decorative styles, with definite designs, often in pearl or rhinestone.

Just as important as the earring for Fall is the bracelet—with the new massive look. Many women are wearing them shoved up above the elbow. Coro has a gold-plated bracelet, three-stranded and woven in a chain effect that suggests three separate bracelets. If you want variety, you can buy an assortment of narrow ones of different types and wear them together for a chunky effect. For evening, many of the bracelets are set with rhinestones.

Pearls are to be very popular this Fall. To wear with fashion black dresses, gunmetal ones are being shown in single or multi-strands, shading from light to dark grey. All have rhinestone insets in the front. Since brown is to be a favorite color, Coro is introducing "Countess Bronze", a lovely tawny shade. In double or triple strands, it is combined with an ombre tint.

Jet has new importance in jewellery. It is being used in earrings and necklaces, usually combined with gold. Coro had a handsome "String Bean" earring of seven jet balls, fastened in the long drop style by gold inter-locks.

Jewellery couldn't overlook the three dimensional idea—so many of the necklaces take on a look of depth by ingenious twists. We saw one like a Christmas-tied ribbon, made of gold with aquamarine baguettes. Another was a combination of looped jet with rhinestone baguettes.

MARGARET NESS

Women

Peter Clark

THAT BRITISH LOOK: a charcoal grey flannel skirt with embroidered effect in blue and winter-yellow, from deréta of London. Photographed in the grounds of the home of Sir Ernest Wills, which dates back to the thirteenth century and and has been visited by over fifteen reigning monarchs, including Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. The skirt is exclusive with Holt Renfrew's across Canada.

Conversation Pieces:

SAPPHIRE is the September birthstone. The ancient Persians believed the earth rested on a gigantic sapphire, the sky a mirror for its radiant blue. Those born in September are credited with being clear thinkers. We took a quick look at a Canadian "Who's Who" of political figures, and came up with only two September names — Ontario's Leslie Frost and Alberta's E. C. Manning.

Presidents: Mrs. Arthur Rousseau, of Three Rivers, has been elected president of the *Jeunesses Musicales du Québec*. She is a founder-member of the society. Mrs. W. C. Bending, of London, has been re-elected for a tenth term as national president of the Canadian Council of the Blind.

Olive Knox, of Winnipeg, tells us her new book for juveniles, *Black Falcon,* is to be published in February, by Ryerson. At the moment she is on a fishing trip in the Kenora district. Last year she promised to carry any fish she caught over a two mile portage. "The result was five pickerel strung to a paddle over my shoulder. Every step I took those fish kicked me. I've been more cautious this year."

New President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada is Mrs. J. W. Adams, from the Carrot River Valley in Saskatchewan. English-born, Mrs. Adams was educated in Calgary and at the University of Saskatchewan. Her husband owns a wheat farm, and she herself is the only woman member on a Royal Commission, appointed by the Saskatchewan Government, to study agriculture and rural life.

Dr. Kinsey missed this one. In his *On the Waterfront* column in the *Vancouver Province,* Norm Hacking reported an invasion of the sex life of the "patient, unprotesting Pacific oyster." It seems oyster growers are putting female and male oysters through the meat grinder, and the resultant mash is spread over the oyster beds to encourage faster reproduction.

Marie-Thérèse Brunelle of the staff of the University of Montreal, has been awarded a scholarship by the Quebec Department of Health. She is a member of both the Canadian and American Associations of Dietitians.

We are planning to inject a sartorial touch into our future conversations about the weather. We will refer to a comfortably cool day as a "two suit" day; below-zero temperature will be a "ten suit" day. It's the practical way in which Chinese peasants describe the weather—in terms of the amount of clothing worn.

The cummerbund is making a bid in London, England, for male approval—on the male. London shops are selling them in brocade for evening wear, in rayon for everyday use. Will Canadian men hold out against this dashing note?

Weddings: Dianne Alexina Finland, daughter of E. V. Finland, Victoria, to Lt. Dan Gordon Loomis, MC, RCR, son of Dan Loomis, of Ottawa, and grandson of the late Gen. Sir Frederick Loomis, KCB, CMG, DSO, of Montreal; Lorraine Racine, daughter of Wilfrid Racine, of Hull, Que., to Gilles Brunet, of Montreal, son of Raymond Brunet, OBE, former Mayor of Hull; Betty Jane Ridley, daughter of Dr. Charles H. Ridley, to Norman Bestwick, of Lethbridge, Alta.; Maureen Bernadette Evans, pianist and Director of St. Augustine's Glee Club, Vancouver, to John Gregory Sweeney, prominent in Vancouver sports; Anne Bruchesi, daughter of Jean Bruchesi, Under-Secretary of the Province of Quebec, to Claude Aubin, of Quebec City.

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SUZANNE BUTLER: Longer hours for shorter novels.

A First Lesson in Hard Work

THE BUSINESS of publishing a book is succeeded almost at once by the business of trying to tell people about it. My first intimation of this came even before publication, when I received from my publishers a three-page questionnaire. The first part of this (like first parts of all questionnaires) was easy enough to answer, limiting itself as it did to Name, Pseudonym (if any), Sex, Age, Marital Status, etc. Part two was easier still but very humiliating, since it concentrated on Literary Efforts Previously Published: books, plays, short stories, articles, poems—several categories of each. After writing *nil* about thirteen times I was in no state of mind to turn to Part Three and be faced with a request to write a "brief paragraph suitable for quotation and publicity purposes" and dealing with "what you consider to be the central theme of your book."

So far as I can tell, *My Pride, My Folly* is about nothing except the people who figure in the story. I started off with a heroine, an obstinate, courageous, irritating girl whom I could see growing into the type of woman fitted to forge her own way in the North America of the mid-nineteenth century. I chose that period because Kirstina's story was to be one of migration. The route she followed—from Boston to Montreal to Toronto— was a likely one for the period and had the merit of covering ground that I knew. The exact date of the story was settled by that of the Great Fire of Montreal in 1852—an incident I had wanted to write about ever since I first heard of it. The book interested me all the time I was writing it; I enjoyed even the research that went into it; I made the background as accurate as I knew how. But at no time was I conscious of expounding any particular theme, or even of feeling that I ought to be expounding one.

Now, having got that off my chest, and hoping that it doesn't sound too inadequate and irresponsible, I will confess that the situation revealed in Part Two of Little, Brown's questionnaire is one that has really bothered me. Surely any self-respecting writer ought to have a string of short stories, articles, poems, etc., leading up to a first novel? Why haven't I?

Until I was twelve my family lived alternately in England and France. After that we came to Canada and continued moving about. Between the ages of ten and seventeen I went to seven different schools. My brother, two sisters and I became a tightly-knit family group not particularly interested in people outside it. But books, because they did not have to be left behind every time we moved,

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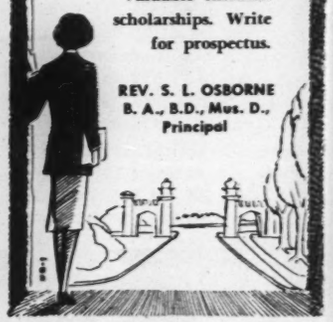

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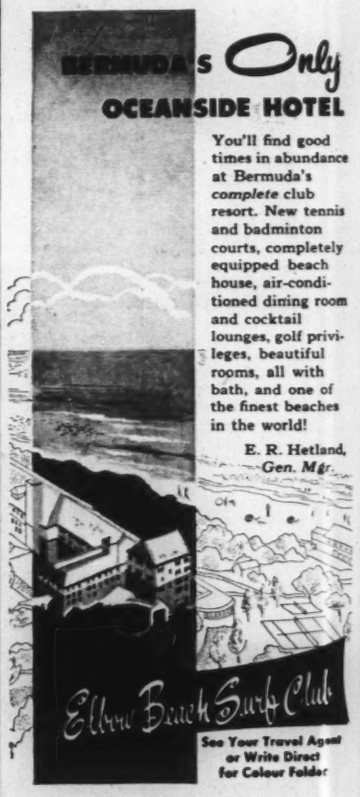

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became unusually important to us, and long, fat closely printed books were the ones I liked best. So when I first determined that the one thing I wanted to do after I grew up was to write, the shape the ambition took was not, simply, to be a writer, but to write full-length books.

As soon as I finished school we moved to Victoria, B.C. College held no attraction for me, since I was in a hurry to start turning out my collection of fat, incident-packed novels. I did, however, realize that bread and butter money while writing would be useful, so I took first a business course and then a teachers' training course, taught for a year in Victoria and then moved (on my own this time, though later the family followed) to Montreal. During those years I wrote the beginnings of several novels, none of which seemed somehow to develop as easily as I had expected.

Arrived in Montreal, with a job that I liked (teaching seven year olds in a girls' private school) I bought a new stack of paper and a pint of ink. I wrote, holidays and week-ends, for the better part of two years, by which time I had 529 pages and some 35 main characters. John Galsworthy might have made another Forsyte Saga out of it. I couldn't. When New Year's Day rolled around I gathered it all up, took it down to the basement of our apartment building and shoved it into the furnace. When I came upstairs again I firmly told my unbelieving family that that was the end. I was through with writing forever.

A week later, while walking home from school, I had a first-rate notion for a story. After supper that night I sneaked off shame-facedly to my room, got out what I had left of paper and ink, and started again.

No, it wasn't *My Pride, My Folly*. But it was the first novel that I began, wrote straight through, and finished. It did make the rounds of publishers. Some of them wrote me very kind letters. When I got the manuscript back again from its travels, and read it over, I felt it deserved better than burning and it is still extant, wrapped in brown paper in my mother's apartment.

And while Novel Number One was travelling, *My Pride, My Folly* was getting written. Two years later, in the spring of 1949, it was, I thought, finished. I sent it to the New York agent who had handled Number One. He sent it back with a note to say that he didn't think it was salable.

With touching faith that a Canadian publisher would be more sympathetic to a novel with a Canadian setting, I sent the manuscript off to Macmillan's, in Toronto. There it remained for five months.

I decided for the second time that I was through with writing. I gave up teaching and took a position in Ottawa as Secretary to the Association of Canadian Clubs. I was to start on this new job on January 1, 1950. Three weeks before this date I received a two page letter from Editor Colin Henderson of Macmillans with a most understanding, careful analysis of *My Pride, My Folly* and suggestions for revision, if I cared to revise, after which they would be pleased to see it again.

"Intoxication with Sound of Own Words" is not a department confined to writers quoted in the *New Yorker*. The moment I got Mr. Henderson's letter I was chafing to get at the darn book again. But I had just taken on a new job. How exacting a job I did not find out until I reached Ottawa, after which, for the next six months, I lived, ate and dreamed Canadian Clubs for twenty-four hours each day, and did not even dare to get out the script over week-ends. In July however (slack season in the lecture circuit) I got it out, read it over and, perhaps because of the long interval, could see at once what changes I wanted to make.

This time I knew that nothing but rigid planning would enable me to get the thing done, and I was through fooling. For twelve months, nine working days out of ten I would come home from the office to my small one-room apartment at about 6 o'clock, and sleep for an hour. Then I got supper, ate it in a leisurely fashion and dealt with the dishes. At 8 o'clock I sat down to work. Around 10:30 I would break off to have a bath and make a pot of coffee. Then I would carry on with the book until 1 a.m. when I went to bed and slept like a log until the alarm went at 7:30. Friday and Saturday nights I would often go on working until 3 or 4 in the morning, but you can't do that and expect to turn up at the office five hours later bright-eyed and ready to tackle a speaker's schedule.

At last every word had been rewritten. The manuscript went back to Macmillan's and they liked it. Unfortunately, they could not afford to publish a novel for the Canadian market alone, and could not manage to find an American publisher to collaborate with them. They eventually suggested to me that I might do better on my own, so I got the book back and sent it to Little, Brown and Co., of Boston for no reason except the highly irrelevant one that my younger sister was living in Boston at the time.

That was in February 1952. In May, Little, Brown's sent me a contract, subject to my undertaking to cut the book by about a fifth. This I said I would do, and did. It meant that every page of the infernal manuscript had to be reworked again.

If I had known in advance how many solid, heart-breaking hours of work could go into one 311 page book (only 259 pages in the Book Club edition) would I ever have started? Of course not. But fortunately that is the one thing that no writer ever knows.

And the encouraging sign is that *My Pride, My Folly* is only 221 pages long. My first effort was over the 500-page mark before it was destroyed in the furnace that horrid New Year's Day. The second one was still 400 pages plus. But if I can continue to cut down the length of my books, there is hope that I may yet wind up writing that missing string of short stories, and be able to show a neatly completed questionnaire.

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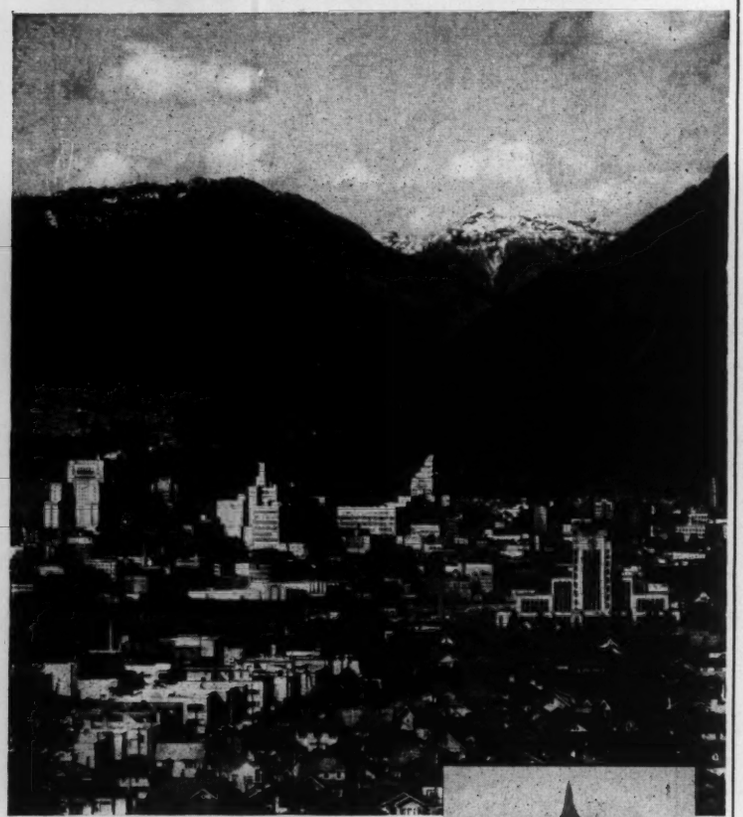

Exciting experiences await you in Canada's interesting, colorful cities... each has its own individuality. You'll enjoy every minute of your stay in Vancouver (above), Canada's gateway to the Orient, Edmonton, fastest growing Canadian city, Winnipeg where East and West meet, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), cosmopolitan Montreal, romantic Quebec, and other historic Eastern cities.

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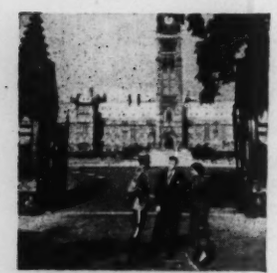

In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the peace tower and Houses of Parliament (above), a sight worth seeing. Nearby is the famous Chateau Laurier hotel.

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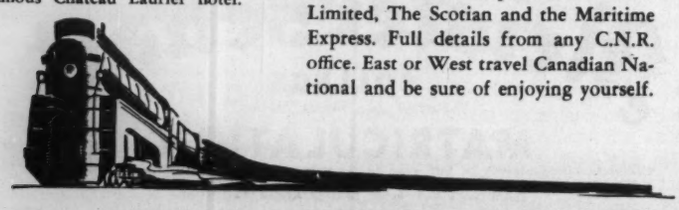


Films

The Full Treatment

THERE IS A STRONG SMELL of illegality about *Vice Squad*, and not all of it emanates from the characters operating on the wrong side of the law. The Chief of Police himself (Edward G. Robinson) isn't above giving the arm of the law a lively twist whenever it suits him, and he is heartily abetted in this by the members of his staff, a tough group of boys with a high sense of humor.

Is it legal for instance, to hold a citizen in jail on a series of trumped-up charges, just because he happened to be an eye-witness to a crime and his testimony might come in handy? Is there any justification for raiding the citizen's apartment, carrying off his private address book, and then blackmailing him into incriminating another character, on the hunch that this dubious program will lead to the real criminal?

In *Vice Squad* these proceedings are carried on at high speed and, most of the time, in the spirit of good clean fun. The unfortunate citizen is played by Porter Hall, who is cast here as a well-to-do Los Angeles mortician who makes the mistake, during a night out, of witnessing a police-shooting. After that his anguished attempts to return to private life, while often very funny, leave one feeling that there isn't much to choose between the lawful and the lawless elements in this particular community. Once the shooting starts both sides are prepared to give you the full treatment.

If you aren't bothered by questions of jurisprudence you will find *Vice Squad* a reasonably entertaining film, sharply paced and filled with a lively variety of characters and situations. As the Chief of Police, Edward G. Robinson bounces through a familiar role with all his old energy. Paulette Goddard is equally confident as the proprietress of a shady business known as Escort Service — she supplies girls for escorts instead of vice versa, and in the absence of any more direct allusion to her calling, the censors evidently decided to look the other way.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

• •

'Tis Folly to Be Wise

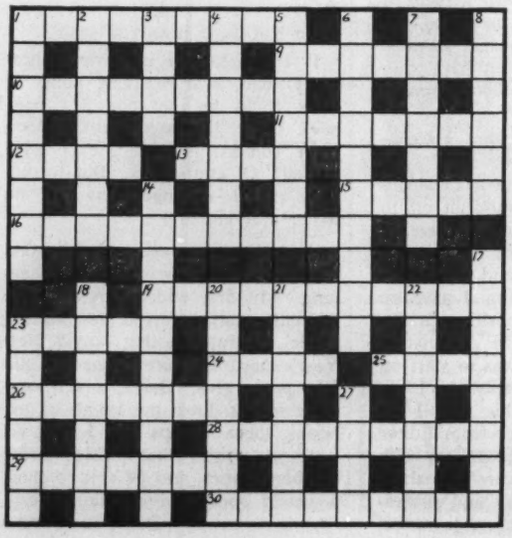
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Seasoning with a shot-gun? (9)
9. As the calm before the storm. (7)
10. Beans over and around the gate won't admit! (9)
11. Pigs going to extremes get a dirty deal. (7)
12. It is pro this. (4)
13. Therefore her goat is bareheaded! (4)
15. State of the single-hearted. (5)
16. Did it top the Hit Parade in 26's day? (4, 2, 5)
19. As one of these, Delilah appeared to have enough hair without Samson's. (11)
23. London's Strand is anything but one! (5)
24. The gay old boy, when aroused, is sad to leave. (4)
25. Jack this up in our National Gallery, as a credit to 14. (4)
26. Original ladies' man? (7)
28. Sure! Mix gin with it. (9)
29. Not an upper birth! (3, 4)
30. Proverbially the great unwashed can't get next to this. (9)

DOWN

1. The planets go into a tailspin when I visit them. (8)
2. Formal bird? (7)
3. We hope they're not chicken-hearted at breakfast. (4)
4. They see their patients in order, by the sound of it. (7)
5. Go down with a wild cry for help? No! Up, my Irish boy. (7)
6. One who breaks in mares in the House? (10)
7. Feathers on a duck's stomach? (3, 4)
8. You're no longer 7 when you do this. (6)
14. For a painter, Tom sounds repetitive, my boy. (3, 7)
17. Donkey sibilants? (8)
18. Exit for one who takes one drop too many, perhaps. (7)
20. It was at seven for Pippa. (7)
21. Ted is upbraided for getting around a relative. (7)
22. The attack fills Zeus with ire, it seems. (7)
23. There are no myths about my bath salts. They're just black rock! (6)
27. She sounds a complete egoist in opera. (4)



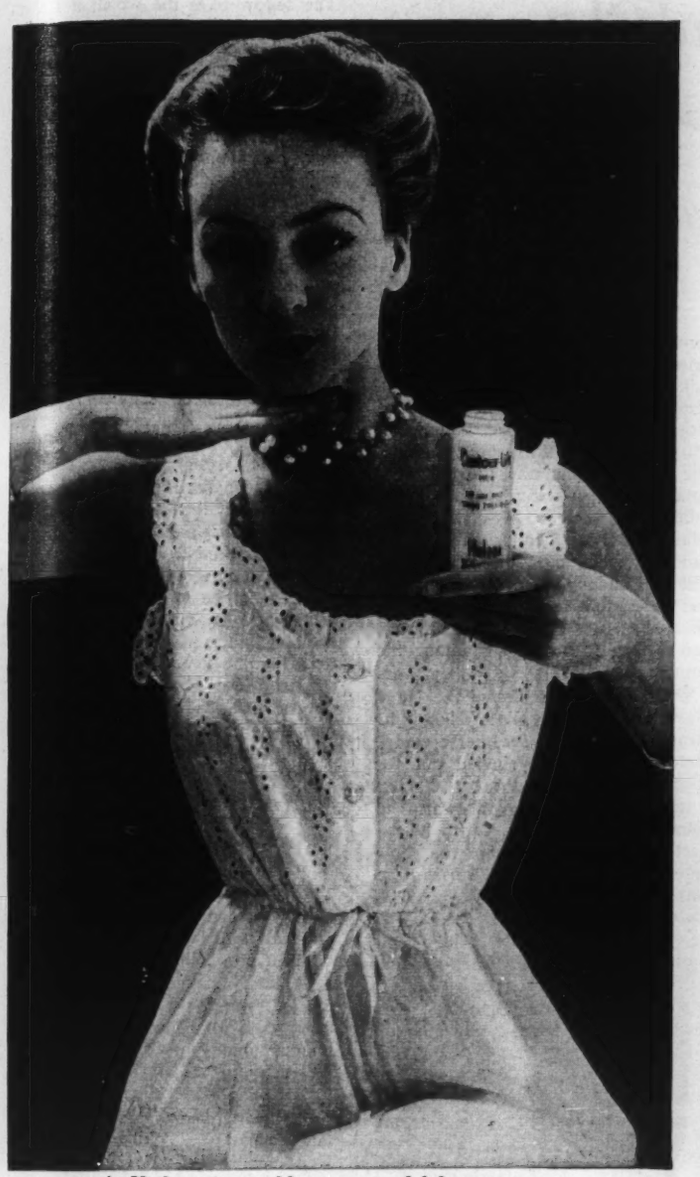
Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4. See 1 down
10. Leeks
11. Egg 12. Manor
13. Yearning
14, 15, 22. Little Miss Muffet
16, 32, 31. Sing a song of sixpence
17. Hoi polloi
19. Dedicates
21. Songs 22. See 14
24. Tempters
28. Nylon
29. Ham 30. Alibi
31, 32. See 16 across

DOWN

1, 1 across, 4. Polly put the kettle on
2. Trepanned
3. Hosanna
5. Ergo 6. Tampico
7. Ernst 8. Nurseries
9. Lean
15. See 14
16. Soda mints
17. Huts
18. Lingering
20. Cleanse
21. Soprano 23. Felix
25. Emma 26. Sniff
27. Chic



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DRESS BY CLAIRE McCARDELL

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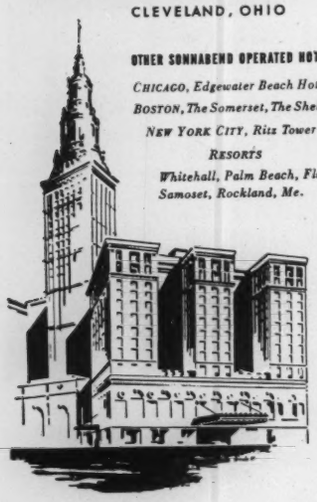

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The Backward Glance

Ten Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

WE LEAFED THROUGH the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for Sept. 11, 1943, looking for an item with which to start this weekly review, and we found one under The Bookshelf. Sometimes coincidences flatten us; one day we may be thinking of something completely out of the realm of common sense, only to find in the next day's papers that it has actually happened. What we are trying to say is that yesterday we were browsing through a revolving pocket book stand in our neighborhood drugstore when we spied a reprint of *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*. We had read the book several years ago, but what caught our eye was the garish cover which portrayed a scantily clad cutie dancing on a table. We felt reasonably sure that no women were admitted to McSorley's, and very very sure that if they were admitted they would not be allowed to do a strip-tease on a table top. Then we came across the review of Joseph Mitchell's book in SATURDAY NIGHT of 10 years ago and read that the motto of the place was, "Good ale, raw onions and no ladies," which proves that the cover illustrations of pocket books do not necessarily have to have any bearing on the contents.

Other books reviewed were *So Little Time*, by J. P. Marquand, *Mr. Lincoln's Wife*, by Anne Colver, *The Cotton Industry*, by Josephine Perry, *Bobo, The Barrage Balloon*, by Margaret McConnell, *God Is My Co-Pilot*, by Robert L. Scott, *Katherine Christian*, by Hugh Walpole, and *Spanish At Sight*, by Clarke Stillman and Alexander Code.

About this latter book the reviewer says, "A two-year-old child learns enough English to get along with, and at three he is a practical conversationalist . . . You would think that a person of riper years, knowing how to read and write and filled with all sorts of knowledge, might acquire a foreign tongue with reasonable speed . . ." Being a veritable dunce at learning foreign languages, and having spent considerable time in Spain (during which time we learned very little of the language), we rather doubt the claim that anybody—meaning us—could ever learn Spanish from a book. We prefer to take our language lessons off the labels on Bon Ami tins and breakfast food boxes.

Under "World of Women", Ernest Bevin wrote about the tremendous contribution made to the war by Britain's women, and the Women's Editor, Bernice Coffey, discussed the distribution of the third series of ration books by women volunteers, 250,000 of them, throughout Canada. She also discussed the possibility of botanical experts finding a flower called the London Rocket in the bombed soil of London. This plant had not been seen since the Great Fire of London 280 years ago, and it was hoped that some would be found among the ninety-five types of shrubs and flowers then growing among the bomb ruins.

D. P. O'Hearn reviewed the Navy Show, and placed it slightly below its Army counterpart for performance and production. He singled out for special praise John Pratt and Gertrude Shaw, but was lukewarm to some of the solo parts, which he expected to be pruned from the show before it hit the road. *Abie's Irish Rose* was playing at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, and of this hardy perennial the reviewer said, "Our most profound thought after the first performance was that the two biggest successes of our time, Abie and President Roosevelt, have got to the top on their own, or at least without benefit of press support. Which goes to show the power of the human touch."

Under the heading, "On Keeping Pets", the editor of The Front Page talked of the way writers make pets of certain words. He said, "Seven times in a recent article the word 'ideologies' appeared. In each case the man meant 'ideas'. The Communist Idea means what it says. But the Communist Ideology is just swank. The fellow likes the word; it sounds learned, and he doesn't care *what* it means." Other words thought over-used were "nostalgia" and "meticulous".

The Front Page also congratulated *Queen's Quarterly* on its 50th anniversary, regretted that *L'Action Catholique* had supported a resolution calling on French-Canadians to give preference in their buying to French-Canadian merchants, rather than what it specifically referred to as Jews, and viewed with appropriate irony the fact that New Zealand, under a Socialist government, enjoyed better health than Canada and was, in fact, the healthiest country in the world. The Front Page said, "Of course being healthy is not necessarily being happy, and the New Zealanders may possibly be very miserable owing to their Socialistic system."

L. M. Richardson wrote a piece about the small principality of Liechtenstein, which had recently increased its police force from 12 to 50 men. This tucked-away corner of Europe, situated on the Rhine between Switzerland and Austria, owes its liberty to the fact that it was completely forgotten after the Prussians defeated Austria in 1866. The tiny country only covers an area of 60 square miles, and has a population of 10,000. When World War Two began, its army consisted solely of a bearded veteran of 95, but during the war able-bodied men between the ages of 21 and 30 were recruited.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT of ten years ago was filled from stem to gudgeon with learned treatises on the various probabilities likely to occur after the war, most of which never did. J. Anders wrote a piece called "We Must Recognize The Real German Problem"; William H. Sherry talked about the probabilities of revolt among the 12 million German slave workers in "Twelve Million Guest Workers Worry Germany"; Janet R. Keith wrote about a depressed section of the Canadian economy under the title "There's No Social Security For The Fisherman"; and David England described a section of Northern Australia covering an area of more than a million square miles, and populated by only 8,000 whites, in which 20-lb. lettuces and 48-lb. watermelons are grown, and which he thought should be thrown open to postwar immigration.

Personally we can't think of any legitimate reason for growing 20-lb. lettuces, and we would welcome a blight on this too-plentiful base for everything from salads to pork chops. There used to be a time in our youth when we fed lettuce leaves to a pair of Belgian hares which carried on their multiplication problems in a hutch at the bottom of our yard, and ever since we have viewed this rabbit-fodder as an imposition dreamed up by dietitians who use it as a false bottom beneath their dishes.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 49 WHOLE NO. 3149

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